

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

VOL. XXV

JANUARY, 1891

No. 1

JOHN ERICSSON THE BUILDER OF THE MONITOR

1803-1889

IN his late message, referring to the relations of our country with the several nations of Europe, President Harrison said: "The restoration of the remains of John Ericsson to Sweden afforded a gratifying occasion to honor the memory of the great inventor, to whose genius our country owes so much, and to bear witness to the unbroken friendship which has existed between the land which bore him and our own, which claimed him as a citizen."

This paragraph is a forcible reminder of the impressive ceremonial witnessed in the streets and harbor of New York city, on Saturday the 23d of August, 1890. It had been intimated to this government, as is well known, that the government of Sweden would regard it as a graceful act if the remains of Captain John Ericsson should be conveyed to his native country upon a United States man-of-war; and arrangements having been completed, the *Baltimore* was assigned to the service. The day selected for the departure was fair; the First and Second avenues were bathed in a flood of summer sunlight as the casket of the great inventor was brought from the vault of the little Marble cemetery and placed upon draped pedestals near the main gate. Across it lay the old banner of the *Monitor*, which together with the Swedish flag was encircled by a laurel wreath. The Swedish singing societies, two hundred strong, gathered about the bier and sang the sweet, sonorous battle prayer of Sweden, which constituted the only service. At its close the casket was placed in the hearse drawn by four splendid black horses, and the solemn procession moved through Second avenue to St. Mark's place, through Astor place to Broadway, thence to the Battery.

An immense multitude of people were massed along the line of march, thronging the windows and roofs of the buildings, as well as the sidewalks, the colors of Sweden and our own red, white, and blue everywhere displayed at half-mast, and a reverent silence one of the striking features of the imposing scene. The procession was an hour and a half in passing

any given point. Nine carriages followed the hearse, the first occupied by Secretary Tracy of the navy and Admiral Worden, the second by the mayor of New York city and the mayor of Brooklyn. One carriage which preceded the platoon of police bore a model of the old *Monitor*. The strains of the Swedish national hymn, heard in the distance, announced to the waiting crowds at the Battery the approach of the funeral *cortège*, and the remains of Sweden's honored son were presently transferred to the tug *Nina*, and placed upon a catafalque. The *Nina* steamed down the bay to the *Baltimore* with barely enough headway to be steered, attended by the *Catalpa*, having on board such distinguished guests as could not find room on the *Nina*, while upon either side of them and maintaining the same relative rate of speed, were the boats, thirty-two in all, of the war-ships in the harbor. The water was literally covered with a flotilla of steamers, yachts, tugs, and other sea craft. The colors of the squadron were at half-mast, and minute-guns were fired from the monitor *Nantucket* during the passage to the ship. In committing the illustrious dead to the care of the commander of the *Baltimore*, Mr. George H. Robinson said: "We send him back crowned with honor, proud of the life of fifty years he devoted to this nation, and with gratitude for his gifts to us." Captain Schley responded with much feeling, expressing the pride and pleasure with which the officers and men of the vessel regarded their assignment to the sacred duty. As the *Baltimore* proceeded to sea every vessel mastheaded her colors as she passed, displayed the Swedish ensign, and fired a salute of twenty-one guns.

The heart of our republic was in the homage paid to the memory of John Ericsson. What man in American history ever received a higher tribute?

Our readers need no introduction to the distinguished engineer who in the moment of gravest peril gave to the United States navy the *Monitor*, and in her gave to all the navies of the globe the germ of the modern battle-ship; but there are many facts in connection with his lineage, education, experiences, and character, replete with interest and instruction, which should be better known to the general public. William C. Church has demonstrated in his *Life of John Ericsson* that genius does not spring into existence at call. Ericsson was prepared for the emergency, had become through untiring study and practice a master of his profession to its minutest details, and knew what was necessary to be done and exactly how to do it.* He was apparently the only man in

* Life of John Ericsson. By William Conant Church. Vols. I. and II. 8vo, pp. 303, 357. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1890.

America at the time, and doubtless the only man living, who could have built the fighting machine which stopped the Merrimac's destructive career.*

"John Ericsson," says his accomplished biographer, "lived for his work, and he had no wish that anything beyond a record of that should survive him." His industry was marvelous, even to the end of his long and useful career, and his achievements so varied and of such magnitude that it is difficult to grasp them as a whole or designate which has had



HOME OF JOHN ERICSSON IN BEACH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

the most wide-spread influence. He enjoyed dwelling upon the fact in his later life that he was in good working condition for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. He resided for a quarter of a century in Beach street, New York city, the southern boundary of St. John's park. This house was purchased in 1864, and an observatory built upon

* Our readers will remember a graphic description of the building of the *Monitor*, which appeared in the January number, 1885, of this magazine. Also a letter from C. S. Bushnell, in the February number, 1885, containing supplementary information on the same theme; and a letter from Ericsson himself on the origin of the name *Monitor*.

the roof for solar experiments. Mr. Church tells us in his interesting volumes that this home "was one of a row of comfortable residences standing on full city lots, and having an air of dignity and old time elegance, recalling the days when the City Hall park was a centre of fashion. The noble trees were in full view from Ericsson's front windows. The marble steps, the carved door-casings and fan-lights, the massive mahogany fittings of the interior, all bespoke the state of earlier occupants.* The forces of steam and iron, which its new owner had spent his life developing, were fast transforming that quarter of the town, but this little oasis of a park still remained as a memorial of better days. Commerce now pressed in from all sides and soon the park grounds were in demand for a freight depot; railroad cars and tracks displaced the stately trees; bare walls succeeded to pleasant verdure; the rattle of carts and the screech of locomotives followed the singing of birds and the chatter of squirrels.

To oblige a friend, Ericsson joined in the transfer of the park rights to the Hudson River Railway Company; but if he lost this bit of sentiment out of his life he gratified a deeper feeling by succoring starving Swedes with the money he thus received. The neighborhood henceforth deteriorated rapidly in character, and a tenement population displaced the more quiet residents. . . . The room used by Ericsson when at work was large and pleasant, occupying the entire front of twenty-five feet, the partition of the hall bedroom having been cut away to form an alcove. Here stood the table covered by the inclined drawing-board upon which the master's hand had wrought such marvels. . . . His parlor and dining-room, with their heavy chandeliers and mantel mirrors, had a certain air of old-fashioned dignity, but the handsomely finished and exquisitely polished specimens of his solar apparatus occupied every corner of the parlor and gave it the appearance of an alcove in the patent office. An oil portrait belonging to a friend, a bust of Mr. E. W. Stoughton, an elaborately engraved and framed copy of the resolutions passed by the legislature of the state of New York on the occasion of the *Monitor* fight, and a portrait of Gustavus V. Fox, were the only specimens of artistic adornment displayed about the house. Ericsson never found time for the cultivation of a taste for art, and there was a noteworthy absence in his house of everything appealing to æsthetic sentiment; but the pins in the cushion on his bedroom bureau were always arranged by himself so that they should be in exact mathematical rows."

* A picture of St. John's park when it was considered the most eligible place of residence in New York city was published by this magazine in March, 1890, Vol. XXIII., p. 183.

John Ericsson's birth-place in Sweden is marked by a large granite monument erected in 1867. His father was a mining proprietor and his mother an energetic, intellectual, and high-spirited woman. His brother Nils, one year older than himself, was trained as an engineer, became chief of the construction of the system of government railways in Sweden, was created a baron, and retired in 1862 with a pension larger than any before bestowed upon a Swedish subject. His sister Caroline, born in 1800, was a girl of unusual beauty. As a boy John was the wonder of the neighborhood. The machinery at the mines was to him an endless source



HEADQUARTERS GÖTA CANAL COMPANY.

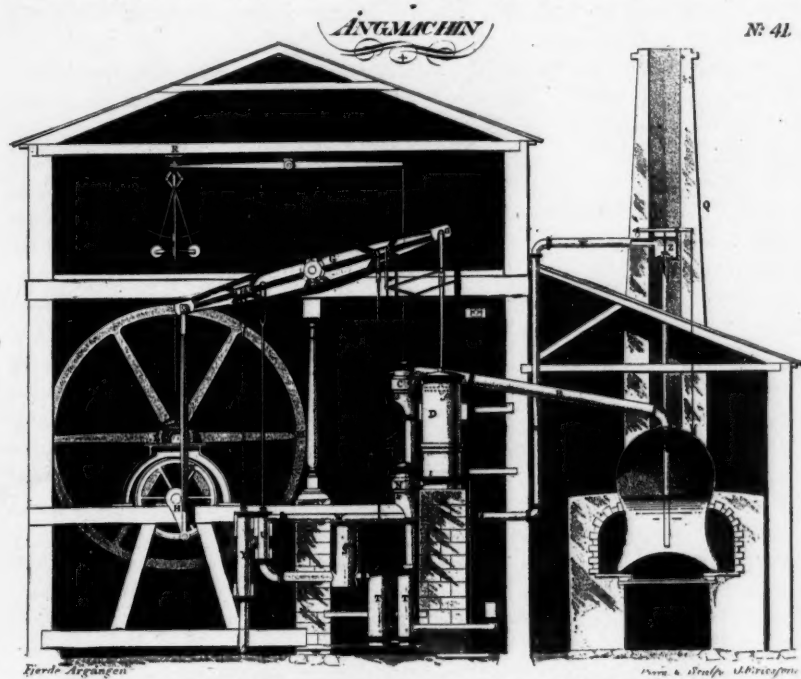
of curiosity and delight. He was constantly trying to make models even before he had learned to read. He had from his own plans constructed a miniature saw-mill prior to his tenth birthday, and made numerous drawings of a complicated character. The graphic account of his youth and early manhood which Mr. Church presents is full of suggestion and instruction. The boy was too much occupied with his contrivances to join in the pastimes of other children. His opportunities were unusually stimulating. The project of the Göta canal company, one of the most formidable undertakings of its kind, was revived when he was about ten years old, his father being appointed one of its engineers, holding

place next to that of the chief of the work. This opened a new world of ideas, and the little fellow undertook all manner of schemes. He was independent of outside assistance. Steel tweezers borrowed from his mother's dressing-case and ground to a point furnished him with a drawing pen, and his compasses were made of birch-wood with needles inserted at the end of the legs. Later on he robbed his mother's sable cloak of the hairs required for two small brushes, in order to complete his drawings in appropriate colors. The clever lad attracted the notice of some of the greatest mechanical draughtsmen in Sweden, who made him drawings to serve as models, and taught him many of the principles of the art. Finally the celebrated engineer Count Platen becoming interested, appointed him a cadet in the corps of mechanical engineers, and such was his progress in sketching profiles, maps, and drawings for the archives of the canal company, that in 1816, at the age of thirteen, he was made assistant leveller at the station of Riddarhagen. The next year he was employed to set out the work for six hundred operatives, though he was yet too small to reach the eye-piece of his leveling instrument without the aid of a stool carried by an attendant. Thus it will be seen that he was identified almost from his cradle with great engineering works. His father died in 1818, and in 1820, when seventeen, he entered the Swedish army as an ensign and was rapidly promoted to a lieutenancy.

The skill of young Ericsson in topographical drawing was so marked that he was soon summoned to the royal palace to draw maps to illustrate the campaigns of the marshal of the empire. He also passed with distinction a competitive examination for an appointment on the survey of northern Sweden. This new employment was exacting, and the pay determined by the amount of work accomplished. Mr. Church says: "The young surveyor from the Göta canal was so indefatigable in his industry and so rapid in execution, that he performed double duty and was carried on the pay-roll as two persons in order to avoid criticism and charges of favoritism. The results of his labors were maps of fifty square miles of territory, still preserved in the archives of Stockholm."

In the meantime John Ericsson worked at odd moments and at night in preparing a work for publication, containing the sketches and mechanical drawings he had accumulated during his service under Count Platen, with a full description of the machinery and methods used in canal work, the locks, and the various appliances for transportation. Having selected the drawings he decided to execute his own engravings. Obtaining leave of absence he went to Stockholm and applied to one of the best engravers for permission to inspect his tools; and, says Mr. Church, "was laughed at

for his simplicity in supposing that he was to be thus permitted to learn the mysteries of the craft. Nothing daunted he hastened to his room and began with energy to devise a *machine* for engraving. This he was presently able to show in triumph to the disobliging craftsman. Back to his station he went with his new machine and commenced work upon the sixty-five plates of copper carried with him. Within a year he had completed eighteen plates, averaging in size fifteen by twenty inches. One of these



SECOND ENGRAVING MADE BY JOHN ERICSSON IN 1821, AGED EIGHTEEN.

plates, the second one completed, was reproduced in a Swedish illustrated magazine and is given here. In acknowledging the receipt of a copy of this, Ericsson said: 'I remember very well the surprise of certain engravers at the sharp white edges of the pump rods against the dark ground. The plan of rubbing these parts with a fine varnish before the plates were prepared for the aquafortis, which suggested itself to the beginner, enabled him to surpass the work of experienced artists.'"

The volume was never finished. Major Pentz who was to translate it

into German to give it foreign currency completed only the preface. Ericsson found that the swift changes in the applications of machinery and the use of new methods were rendering the knowledge acquired at Göta out of date. Thus he abandoned the undertaking. As Major Pentz had advanced some money to purchase the copper-plates the engravings were assigned to him in payment. These incidents in connection with the undertaking serve to illustrate the originality and ingenuity of young Ericsson, whose capacity for absorbing knowledge wherever he could find it was extraordinary.

At the age of twenty-one John Ericsson "is described as a handsome, dashing youth, with a cluster of thick, brown glossy curls encircling his white massive forehead. His mouth was delicate but firm, nose straight, eyes light blue, clear and bright, with a slight expression of sadness, his complexion brilliant with the freshness and glow of healthy youth. The broad shoulders carried most splendidly the proud, erect head. He presented, in short, the very picture of vigorous manhood. A portrait of him at this age, painted upon ivory for his mother by an English artist named Way, has been preserved and is reproduced here." *

Fifteen years later he was in New York, and is thus described by Samuel Risley: "Captain Ericsson all his life was careful of his personal appearance; at the time I refer to (1839) he was exceptional in dress, not dandified, but more in keeping with the present morning call attire than an ordinary day habit. A close-fitting black frock surtout coat, well open at the front, with rolling-collar, showing velvet vest and a good display of shirt front; a fine gold chain hung about his neck, looped at the first button-hole of the vest and attached to a watch carried in the fob of the vest. Usually light-colored, well-fitting trousers, light-colored kid gloves, and a beaver hat completed the dress. To this add a well-built military figure, about five feet ten and one-half inches in height and well set-up, with broad shoulders and rather large hands and feet; the head well placed and supported by a military stock round the neck. Expressive features, blue eyes, and brown curly hair, fair complexion. His head was of medium size, his mouth well cut, upper lip a little drawn, the jaws large and firm set, conveying an expression of firmness

* Through the courtesy of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, we are permitted to place this early portrait before our readers. Our frontispiece is from an admirable portrait later in life, in possession of Mr. Church; also the very excellent portrait of Nils Ericsson. We are further indebted to the publishers for the specimens of Ericsson's drawings, his "Home in Beach Street," the "Headquarters Göta Canal Company," the "Novelty with a Train of Engines and Coaches in 1829," and the "Battle of the Monitor."

and individual character. Up to the summer of 1842 I was in constant attendance upon the captain, being a sort of factotum to him in preparing his models. At that time he boarded at the Astor House where I first met his wife. His manner with strangers was courteous and extremely taking. He invariably made friends of high and low alike.



JOHN ERICSSON AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE.

With those in immediate contact in carrying out his work he was very popular."

Mr. Church devotes three chapters to a delightfully condensed account of Ericsson's career in England, whither he went in 1826 to exhibit his flame engine. He quickly formed a partnership with John Braithwaite, a working engineer, and in his new field of activity produced invention after invention in such rapid succession that the truth reads like a fairy-tale. An instrument for taking sea-soundings, a hydrostatic weighing-machine,

his improvements in the steam-engine—dispensing with huge smoke-stacks, economizing fuel, using compressed air and the artificial draught—and in surface condensation, were the work of this period, during which he also invented the steam fire-engine, which excited great interest in London. The famous battle of the locomotives in 1829 brought the young man of twenty-six before the English public in a manner never to be forgotten. At that date Stephenson himself dared not say very much about the speed of the locomotive. Had he ventured to predict that it would reach twenty miles an hour on the railway he would have been laughed out of court. He cautiously expressed his faith in the possibility of running it ten miles an hour, and multitudes regarded the experiment with consternation. There was great prejudice then existing in England against railroads. It was a mode of conveyance that would bring noble and peasant to a common level, and fashion clung tenaciously to its earlier inconveniences, which had at least the merit of being exclusive.

But in spite of the baleful prophecies concerning the locomotive engine, the officials of the projected railroad between Liverpool and Manchester, where the cars were expected to be drawn by horses, offered a premium of £500 for the best locomotive capable of drawing a gross weight of twenty tons at the rate of ten miles an hour. The conditions required a run of seventy miles. Five months were allowed for building the engines. Ericsson heard of the project only seven weeks before the appointed time of trial, and at once determined to compete. He hastily built the "Novelty," assisted by Braithwaite, and when the exhibition came off his was practically the only locomotive which disputed for the supremacy with Stephenson's "Rocket." But a portion of the railroad had yet been finished; thus the competing locomotives were compelled to cover their distance by making twenty trips back and forth over one and three-quarter miles of track. The excitement was intense. The *London Times* next morning said: "The 'Novelty' was the lightest and most elegant carriage on the road yesterday, and the velocity with which it moved surprised and amazed every beholder. It shot along the line at the amazing rate of thirty miles an hour! It seemed, indeed, to fly, presenting one of the most sublime spectacles of human ingenuity and human daring the world ever beheld."

Ericsson had really built a much faster locomotive than Stephenson's "Rocket;" and although it had been constructed with such celerity that it broke down before the final point was reached, and he thereby lost the prize, yet the superiority of the principle involved in it was universally recognized. John Bourn said: "To most men the production of such an



VIEW OF THE NOVELTY WITH A TRAIN OF ENGINE AND COACHES IN 1829.

[From pen-and-ink drawing by C. B. Vignoles.]

engine would have constituted an adequate claim to celebrity. In the case of Ericsson, it is only a single star of the brilliant galaxy with which his shield is spangled." "We may imagine," writes Mr. Church, "the excitement following the announcement in the *Times* concerning the performance of the 'Novelty,' for to this engine England's great daily devoted chief attention. Railroad shares leaped at once to a premium, and excited groups gathered on 'change to discuss the wonderful event. The pessimists were silenced, and the art of modern railway travel inaugurated. A grand banquet was given in Liverpool to the directors and officers of the railway and to the competing locomotive builders. Toasts and speeches followed; and if Ericsson did not carry home with him the £500 offered as a prize, he at least made himself known to all England as one of the rising men of his profession.

Ericsson's long-cherished plan of a caloric engine was realized in 1833, and was hailed with astonishment by the scientific world of London. Lectures were delivered on it by Dr. Dionysius Lardner and Michael Faraday, and it was much praised by Dr. Alexander Ure and Sir Richard Phillips. In 1836 Ericsson invented and patented the screw propeller, which revolutionized navigation, and in 1837 built a steam vessel having twin screw propellers, which on trial towed the American packet-ship *Toronto* at the rate of five miles an hour on the river Thames. In 1838 he constructed the iron screw steamer *Robert F. Stockton*, which crossed the Atlantic under canvas in 1839, and was afterward employed as a tug-boat on the Delaware river for a quarter of a century. Within ten years Ericsson patented thirty inventions considered by him of sufficient importance to claim a place in the list, that in 1863 numbered one hundred.

A notable feature of the admirable work of Mr. Church is the elucidations of the truth, so often overlooked, that events never spring into being disjoined from antecedents leading to them. He explains how the varied achievements of John Ericsson were developed, showing with great force and in imperishable colors the steps to his successes, and the help the

famous engineer derived in later life from the studies and experiments of his earlier career. Mr. Church, as the literary executor of Ericsson, has had unrivalled opportunities for examining the accumulation of data, which throw light all along the way, and while dealing with the masterly engineering exploits of his subject, does not forget that he had a human side, and presents him with all his hopes and fears and failures, his aims, his obstacles, his courage, and his habits and eccentricities. Ericsson certainly cherished a very high ideal, and was free to an unusual extent from mercenary motives. His inventions did not always pay; he found this a weary world for those who see beyond their fellows. Some of his mechanical contrivances in common use to-day dated so far back of the memory of any one living that before he died he often learned that he was supposed to have copied from others what he, in fact, originated himself or first brought into use.

The barriers of tradition and prejudice had to be overcome with his every new invention. The introduction of steam in any shape to the English navy was sharply opposed. It is interesting to trace the incidents, apparently without connection, which stand in orderly relations one to another as essential parts of an intelligent design. Ericsson was in America at the critical moment when all the experiences of his previous life were to be brought into full play; when he was to take part in an enterprise involving the existence of a nation, the hopes of humanity. He was ready to meet the strain of a demand to which no other living man was adequate. He was then fifty-eight years of age, with the constitution and the vital forces of a man of forty, and such experience in actual accomplishment as few acquire in the longest span of a lifetime.

When he received the order of our government for the *Monitor* his plans were already drawn. He had been at work for years perfecting his system of aquatic attack, originally inspired for the protection of Sweden against foreign aggression, and had in 1854 submitted his drawings to the emperor of France. The story of his proceedings in Washington is familiar to our readers, but in these notable volumes of Mr. Church it is told with a fullness of detail never before attempted. The *Monitor* in all its parts was designed by Ericsson, and fortunately for the country he was allowed to superintend its construction. His former plans, however, had to be carefully revised to meet the novel conditions of life in a submerged structure. It was estimated that this iron-clad vessel contained at least forty patentable contrivances. The entire resources of modern engineering knowledge were brought to bear upon the solution of the problem of an impregnable battery, armed with guns of the heaviest calibre then known, hull shot-

was on the vessel as a passenger, described in a letter dated March 9, 1862, to Ericsson, the dramatic incidents attending its arrival at Hampton Roads. "After a stormy passage we fought the *Merrimac* for more than three hours this forenoon, and sent her back to Norfolk in a sinking condition. Iron-clad against iron-clad, we maneuvered about the bay here, and went at each other with mutual fairness. I consider that both ships were well fought. We were struck twenty-two times—pilot-house twice, turret nine times, deck three times, sides eight times. The only vulnerable point was the pilot-house. One of your great logs (nine by twelve inches thick) is broken in two. The shot struck just outside of where the captain had his eye, and disabled him by destroying his left eye and temporarily blinding the other. She tried to run us down and sink us as she did the *Cumberland* yesterday, but she got the worst of it. Her horn passed over our deck, and our sharp, upper-edged rail cut through the light-iron shoe upon her stern and well into her oak. She will not try that again. She gave us a tremendous thump, but did not injure us in the least; we were just able to find the point of contact. The turret is a splendid structure. You were very correct in your estimate of the effect of shot upon the man on the inside of the turret when it struck near him. Three men were knocked down, of whom I was one. The other two had to be carried below, but I was not disabled at all, and the others recovered before the battle was over. Captain Worden [afterward admiral] stationed himself at the pilot-house. Greene fired the guns, and I turned the turret until the captain was disabled and was relieved by Greene, when I managed the turret myself, Master Stoddard having been one of the two stunned men.

Captain Ericsson, I congratulate you upon your great success; thousands here this day bless you. I have heard whole crews cheer you; every man feels that you have saved the nation by furnishing us with the means to whip an iron-clad frigate that was, until our arrival, having it all her own way with our most powerful vessels."

If space permitted it would be interesting to trace the career of Ericsson in detail after the success of the *Monitor*. There was an imperative demand for armor-clads and ere long several were built by the inventor and his associates. Ericsson was never idle. In connection with his labors upon war vessels he expended no small amount of ingenuity on the improvement of heavy guns, his efforts in this field being directed by a most exhaustive study into the strength of materials, the operation of explosive forces, and the laws governing the flight of projectiles. In 1869 he constructed for the Spanish government a fleet of thirty steam gun-boats,



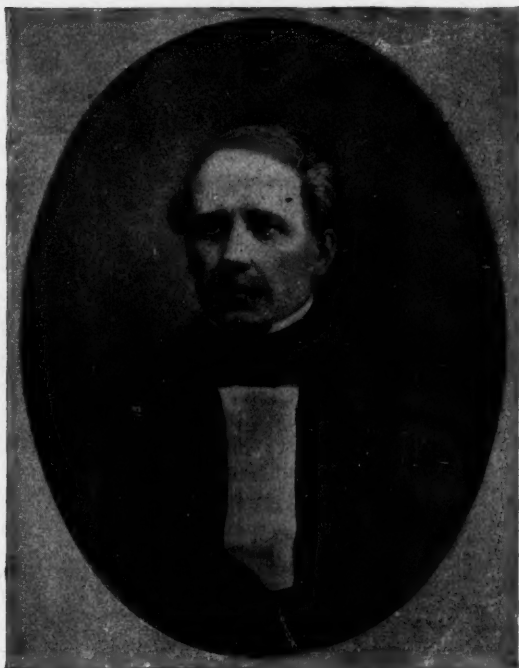
BATTLE BETWEEN THE "MONITOR" AND "MERRIMACK," HAMPTON ROADS, VIRGINIA, MARCH 9, 1862.

intended to guard Cuba against filibustering parties. In 1881 he devised his latest war-vessel the *Destroyer*, the object of which he said was "simply to demonstrate the practicability of sub-marine artillery, unquestionably the most effective, as well as the cheapest device for protecting the seaports of the Union against iron-clad ships. I do not," he continued, "seek emoluments, as I am financially independent; but I am anxious to benefit the great and liberal country, which has enabled me to carry out important works which I should not have carried out on a monarchical soil." His investigations included computations of the influences which retard the earth's rotary motion; he erected a "sun motor" in 1883, to develop the power obtained from the supply of mechanical energy in the sun, and he contributed numerous valuable papers to various journals in America and Europe on scientific, naval, and mechanical themes.

The year in which John Ericsson reached the culmination of his fame, 1862, was the same in which his brother Nils retired from active life in Sweden. The latter had retained his position on the Göta canal when his brother left it in 1820, and gradually won his way to fame and fortune. "He was a man of industry and energy, of sterling integrity and public spirit, and an excellent organizer, while his conservative and cautious temperament and his skill in bending others to his purposes enabled him to make the most of his opportunities." After he received his title he altered the spelling of his name and became Baron Ericson. This change gave great offence to John, who wrote to Nils: "I can never forget the unpleasantness caused me by this annulling of relationship. Possibly your wife has had her share in it. If so, she will find some day that the blotted-out letter will cost her children half a million."

Some of the most interesting chapters in the work of Mr. Church relate to the personal characteristics of John Ericsson. He was generous to his friends, and his benefactions to Sweden were considerable. The financial side of his affairs from year to year appears as well as the record of his failures and successes. It is difficult to grasp the whole man and present him to the reader in all his many-sided aspects or to touch upon the variety of his studies, endeavors, schemes, and achievements, without danger of bewilderment. His biographer has done all this, however, in the most skillful and acceptable manner.

A list of the honors conferred upon Ericsson would fill one of our pages, and some of the medals received were very beautiful. He was decorated as Knight of the Order of Vasa, which was founded by Gustavus III. to reward important service to the nation; he was made Knight Commander of the Order of the North Star, for promoting the public good and useful



BARON NILS ERICSON.

COLONEL OF ENGINEERS AND CHIEF OF THE SWEDISH RAILWAYS.

institutions; a commander of the Order of St. Olof, to reward distinction in the arts and sciences; received the Grand Cross of the Order of Naval Merit, with the White Badge and Star, from King Alfonso of Spain, which confers personal nobility and bestowed upon Ericsson the title of "Excellency;" a special gold medal from the Emperor of Austria, in behalf of science; a gold medal from the Society of Iron-Masters in Sweden; thanks under the royal seal and signature from Sweden; joint resolutions of thanks from the United States congress; thanks from the legislature of New York, and of other states; from the chamber of commerce; from boards of trade in many cities; and he was elected to honorary membership in scientific, historical, literary, religious, and agricultural institutions innumerable. Among them all he took the most pride in his simple title of captain, and in the diploma of LL.D. received from the Wesleyan University in 1862.

THE BLADENSBURG DUELING GROUND

Some five miles from the great dome of the Capitol, in a northeasterly direction, just where the old Washington and Baltimore turnpike crosses the eastern branch of the Potomac, sometimes called the Anacostia river, is a village which without any particular fault of its inhabitants will doubtless through all our future history bear an unenviable fame.

This undesirable notoriety attaching to the little hamlet of Bladensburg is properly due to two causes: on the 24th of August, 1814, was here fought that ill-starred battle, prior to the capture of Washington and the burning of its public buildings; and near here, a short half-mile from the bridge which still spans the little stream, and within a stone's throw of the identical spot where the heroic Barney came so near redeeming that unfortunate day—in a little ravine lying just below the turnpike—is the celebrated "field of honor," where has been settled more "affairs" than any other one locality in our country, or perhaps in the world.

To the sight-seer of the present in the sleepy little town of Bladensburg the inhabitants are fond of descanting upon the traditional glories of its history. It is said to have been a thriving port of trade long before Washington city came into existence, perhaps even before Georgetown was planted by Scotch thrift, or the tobacco warehouse of Bell-Haven metamorphosed into Alexandria. Sloops sailed up the eastern branch of the Potomac and discharged their English cargoes at the substantial wharf at the foot of the main street, lading again for the mother country with the one universal staple of all the region roundabout—tobacco. The ancient hotel, where one may yet sit down to an old-fashioned Maryland dinner, is built of bricks brought from England and discharged in bulk not more than a stone's throw from where they stand to-day. While the dinner is being prepared under the supervision of half a dozen colored cooks and assistants in true ante-bellum style the landlord will relate the story of the great Washington himself, who once spent a night beneath his roof.

Who shall say he did not? Albeit the George Washington house of to-day, aged and quaint though it be, is not the celebrated Bladensburg tavern in which the Father of his Country doubtless was sometimes a guest, and which many years later gathered wider though less desirable fame as a resort for those seeking satisfaction for real or imaginary wrongs upon the adjacent field of blood. That historic building, after

many years of the very extremity of architectural decrepitude, has recently been razed to the ground, and nothing now remains to mark the spot save a portion of the cellar walls and some heaps of rubbish. In that desolate spot, flanked on one side by the straggling street and on the other by the weed-grown common, it requires small stretch of the imagination to read the epitome of the village itself. Verily its glory has departed. The wharves where once a busy traffic flourished have decayed, and the harbor where sloops rode at anchor is choked with the debris. No vessel now



THE GEORGE WASHINGTON HOUSE, BLADENSBURG.

floats upon the insignificant stream save perchance a fisherman's skiff or a sand-scow.

Does the blood of the lamented Mason and the brilliant Decatur cry aloud from the barren soil of the desolate ravine just over the hill? Does the genius of a barbarous custom yet hover with blighting pinions over the spot, fixing its mark alike upon the works of man and the face of nature?

The history of the village, so far as future chroniclers will care to write or future generations to read, begins on that memorable 24th of August, 1814, when some six or seven thousand American militia troops under General Winder encountered about forty-five hundred trained and veteran British regulars under command of General Ross, and sustained the defeat resulting in the capture of the capital, as already stated. This battle, and the subsequent destruction of Washington, has ever since been regarded

with sorrow by every patriotic American citizen; and yet our forces engaged in the unfortunate affair are entitled to more consideration and credit in the estimation of succeeding generations than they have received.

The careful student of the engagement with its consequences cannot resist the conclusion that the army, from the unfortunate Winder himself down to the crudest militiaman of the whole hastily gathered band, were the victims of circumstances almost entirely beyond their control—wholly so, so far as the rank and file were concerned. Perhaps nine-tenths of the readers of to-day, who have thought at all of the matter, have little more than a half-defined idea that this engagement was a mere brush, a slight skirmish of perhaps thirty minutes' duration, at the end of which the panic-stricken Americans fled like frightened sheep along the road to Washington and Georgetown, or scattered like partridges in the woods. Such was not the fact. The winning of Bladensburg cost the British more than three hours' hard fighting and five hundred of their best men in killed and wounded; among the latter were some of their bravest officers.

When we consider that the whole of the American forces, with the exception of the six hundred marines under Barney, were untrained militiamen, most of them less than a week removed from the peaceful avocations of the plow, the shop, or the counting-house; that they were here for the first time under fire; that they had spent the two or three days immediately before the battle marching and counter-marching beneath the burning August sun, in the vain effort to ascertain where the hovering enemy intended to strike; that many of them were sick and debilitated from loss of sleep and insufficient and unaccustomed food, we are no longer surprised that they were defeated—but that they fought at all.

This was not all. A survey of the unfortunate causes which conspired to make defeat to our arms on that occasion a foregone conclusion would be wholly incomplete without a glance at the part taken by the leaders, managers, counselors, advisors, and commanders who figured in the matter. A writer of old has said: "In the multitude of counselors there is safety," but in this instance the wisdom of Solomon proved at fault. Perhaps never in the history of civilized warfare was battle waged under such depressing weight of counsel and command. The position of our troops was well chosen. The enemy was forced to admit that much. Just west of the river and bridge two roads come together, inclosing a triangular field, where our troops formed their first line, with one flank extending to an old mill, still standing; and the other, resting upon the height south of the turnpike, was composed of two regiments of Baltimore militia and a battery of Baltimore artillery, posted so as to command the bridge and road.



THE OLD MILL NEAR THE BATTLE GROUND.

Shortly after these troops had taken their position another body of Maryland soldiers, after a forced march of sixteen miles from Annapolis, arrived and took position on the right of the road.

Meanwhile intelligence had reached Washington that the enemy was marching upon the city by way of Bladensburg, and General Winder at once put his army in motion and about noon arrived upon the scene of action and assumed command. He was accompanied or followed to the field by the President, the attorney-general, the secretary of state, the secretary of war, by other members of the government, and prominent citizens. Among those present were Francis Scott Key, who shortly afterward wrote the *Star Spangled Banner*, and Alexander McKim, a member of congress from Baltimore.

It is stated that the President and the members of the cabinet present with him inspected the situation and approved the arrangements, and it is probable that one or more of the party interfered more or less with the

commanding general in his further preparations, for it was afterward stated that that official was just at this juncture annoyed by "numerous self-constituted contributors of advice, suggestors of position, and intermeddlers with command; gentlemen of respectability and good will; committees; a whole democracy of commanders industriously helped to mar all singleness of purpose and unity of action."

Under such conditions the very air must have seemed laden with defeat to the unfortunate commander. A second line was formed of the later arrivals, and before the action commenced still a third line took position upon the heights overlooking the field. Commodore Barney with his five or six hundred marines and a battery of eighteen-pounders took position on the right of the road and quite near the identical spot afterward known as the dueling ground. Another battery of twelve-pounders under Captain Miller was stationed on his right. These were supported by the militia under command of Colonel Beall on the extreme right, and in the sequel the heroism displayed by this combination formed the one redeeming feature of the day. Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that Barney and Beall did all the fighting on that ill-starred field.

The engagement began about one o'clock, when the British deployed down the main street of the little village, and after a short reconnoissance attempted to cross the bridge. Here they were met by such destructive fire from the battery commanding that point and from the sharpshooters sheltered along the margin of the stream that they were thrown into confusion and many of their numbers were slain. The check was only temporary. They soon succeeded in passing the bridge, when our artillerymen together with their supports were forced back. Thereupon the main body of the first line was ordered forward, and at once opened a destructive fire upon the advancing enemy. In a few moments the latter discharged some rockets, which passing close over the heads of our militia caused a panic and they fled in confusion. One regiment, however, stood firm and for a short while covered the retreat. These were shortly directed to fall back to save them from being outflanked. It was a fatal order. The men who had faced the foe like veterans no sooner turned their backs than they became infected by the same panic which had demoralized their comrades.

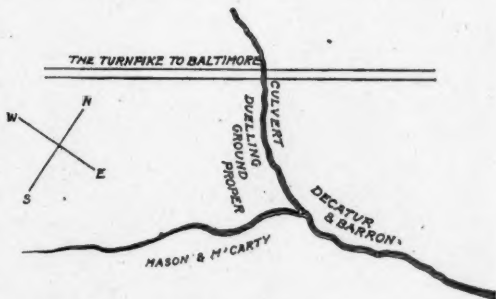
And now the victorious foe swept down the turnpike, meeting with little further resistance until they encountered the deadly guns of Barney's and Miller's marines. It was a check as sudden as unexpected. Again and again the enemy advanced and were as often forced back. For a full hour the invaders strove in vain to dislodge that heroic band.

More than two hundred British soldiers were killed in that part of the engagement and several of their officers fell, either killed or wounded. Among the latter was the leader of the British assault. Ross himself finally came upon the scene, and by a flank movement with fresh troops succeeded in dislodging Beall's militia, thus leaving the gallant Barney without support, yet still he fought on. His brave marines fell in a circle about him; his charger was shot beneath him; then the hero himself fell with a dangerous wound in the thigh.

That virtually ended the conflict. The marines attempted to bear their noble commander from the field, but the severity of his wound would not permit, and he was surrendered to a British officer. The British commander said of him that night in Washington: "Barney was a brave officer; with only a handful of men he gave us a severe shock. I am sorry he was wounded. I immediately gave him parole and hope he will do well. Had half the army been such men as he commanded, with the Americans' advantage in choosing position, we should never have got to Washington."

It is, however, of Bladensburg, the dueling ground—the "field of honor," the "elsewhere" of gentlemen of the "code"—that the writer purposes to treat at greater length. It is perhaps difficult to explain just why this particular spot should have been selected and have become of such universal resort in the unholy custom which has given to it an unenviable fame. The most plausible theory is, that if men must needs fight, this place combined the advantages of being easily accessible from the capital and yet out of the jurisdiction of the district; the near-by village afforded parties an opportunity for rest and refreshment before and sometimes after the combat; and above all, the seclusion to be found within the tangled recesses of the lonely ravine, screening the duelists alike from the observation of the inquisitive passer-by, or the officious meddling of over-zealous minions of the law.

The historic ground is just beyond the district line and a short half-mile from the village bridge, on the right hand of the turnpike as one goes toward Baltimore. A small stream wanders along the bottom of the

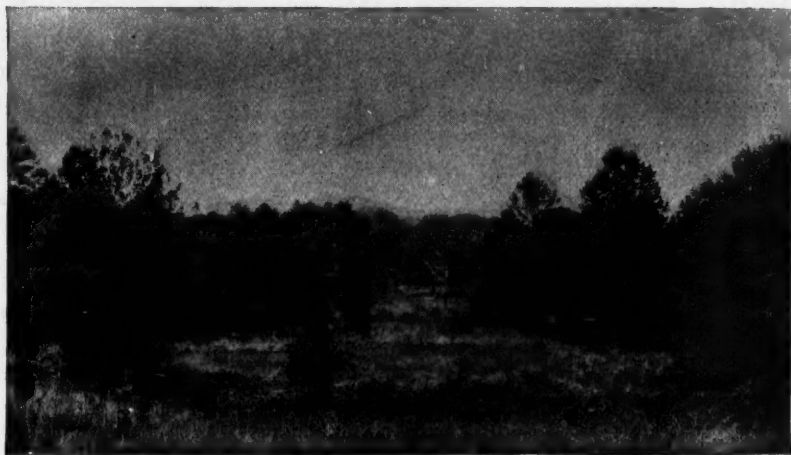


ravine, crossing the road beneath a rude culvert and falling into the river a mile below. It is a desolate-looking place, characterized by a thick growth of small trees, shrubs, aquatic weeds, and grasses. In an open space along the west margin of the brook and only a few yards from the road, more than a score of duels have taken place, besides others that have occurred in different localities in the immediate neighborhood, and it is estimated that the whole number of hostile meetings upon this field would aggregate fifty or more. Among the first, so far as the records show, was that of Edward Hopkins of Maryland, with an adversary whose name has not been preserved. It took place in the year 1814 and resulted in the death of Hopkins. It is not known whether this meeting was before or after the battle in August of that year.

It was on the 6th day of February, 1819, that here occurred the first duel that attracted universal attention on account of the prominence of the parties, the implacable bitterness of the quarrel, and the melancholy results. This was the desperate and fatal encounter between General Armisted T. Mason, an ex-senator in congress from Virginia, and Colonel John M. M'Carty, a citizen of the same state. It seems the trouble between them grew out of that prolific source of quarrels of this kind—politics. The principals were relatives—either first or second cousins—and the fact seemed to add to the bitterness of their animosity. The quarrel had been of long standing, but the immediate cause from which grew the fatal meeting was that at a certain election in Virginia General Mason challenged M'Carty's right to vote. The latter thereupon challenged Mason to fight, and in the excess of his anger so far departed from the rules of the code as to prescribe the terms and conditions of the meeting. For this reason Mason declined to receive the challenge, at the same time notified M'Carty that he was ready to accept a cartel in proper form. Thereupon M'Carty published him as a coward. Then in turn Mason challenged M'Carty, but the latter now declined on the ground that he had posted the other as a coward. At this juncture friends interfered and the dispute was for a time dropped. Mason's wrongs, however, whether real or fancied, still rankled. Some months later he determined to renew the quarrel. He is said to have reached this determination upon the advice of no less an authority than that of General Andrew Jackson, who was himself a follower of the "code" both in faith and practice. However that may be, it is certain that the exasperated and desperate Virginian, with a calm and grim determination—a concentrated bitterness—resolved to accept no reparation short of blood or life itself. This is proved by the cool deliberation with which he went about his

preparations. He resigned his commission as general of the Virginia militia, made his will, and then renewed his challenge to his adversary.

In his note to his adversary he says: "I have resigned my commission for the special and sole purpose of fighting you, and I am now free to accept or send a challenge or fight a duel. . . . I am extremely anxious to terminate at once and forever this quarrel. My friends — and — are fully authorized to act for me in every particular. Upon receiving from you a pledge to fight, they are authorized and instructed at once to give the challenge for me, and to make immediately every necessary



THE BLADENSBURG DUELING GROUND, 1890.

[The turnpike crosses the ravine just behind the willow seen near the centre of the picture. Mason was killed near the yuccamore on the left of the foreground. Decatur fell, across the stream behind the trees seen on the extreme right. The view is taken looking north.]

arrangement for the duel, on any terms you may prescribe." This note, without having seen or consulted with his seconds, he enclosed to the latter with the following instructions: "You will present the enclosed communication to Mr. John M'Carty and tell him at once that you are authorized by me to challenge him, in the event of his pledging himself to fight. If he will give the pledge, then I desire that you will instantly challenge him in my name to fight a duel with me. . . . Agree to any terms that he may propose, and to any distance—to three feet, his pretended favorite distance—or to three inches should his impetuous and rash courage prefer it. To any species of fire-arms—pistols, muskets, or rifles—agree at once."

M'Carty refused to accept, and it was only when Mason's seconds threatened to post him as a coward that he would agree to fight. But as the challenged party, he now proposed his terms. His first offer was that he and Mason should leap together from the dome of the Capitol. It was declined as being unsanctioned by the "code." He next proposed fighting with lighted matches over a barrel of gunpowder. This was declined as being calculated to establish a "dangerous precedent." He then proposed dirks in a hand-to-hand encounter. This offer was likewise declined. He then proposed to fight with muskets loaded with buck-shot, at ten feet distance. This offer clearly meant, what both parties were seemingly resolved upon, death to one or both, but it was finally accepted; though the terms were afterward so modified as to make the distance twelve feet, and a single ball was substituted for the deadly buck-shot.

The parties repaired to Bladensburg on the evening of the 5th of February, that they might be convenient to the fatal field on the following morning. They spent the night in the village, most probably devoting the intervening time to final preparations. The next morning at eight o'clock they repaired to the place of meeting, accompanied by their friends and seconds. The expected duel had become generally known in the village during the night, and many of the people followed the party to the field. The seconds selected a spot a little farther removed from the road than the one usually chosen, just around a point where a tributary stream empties into the main brook. It was in the midst of a violent snow-storm that the two desperate men stood facing each other, the muzzles of their long muskets almost touching. Mason wore a long overcoat with flowing skirts, the other presented himself in his shirt, with sleeves rolled up. If while they stood there each facing what seemed instant and certain death, there was any abatement of the hatred and bitterness which had so long rankled in both hearts, they gave no sign. Not a word passed between them—Mason spoke to no one whatever after taking his place upon the ground.

At the word both fired and both fell, Mason dead—the life literally blown out of him, M'Carty dangerously wounded. The long skirt of Mason's coat interfered with his aim, thus accounting for the fact that his enemy escaped with life. M'Carty survived, but it is said that he was ever afterward a changed man—that he never recovered from the haunting horror and remorse which the memory of that bloody morning cast over his remaining years.

To any lingering believers in the ethics of the "code," if such there be in this enlightened day, it must be a source of gratification to learn from the account published by the seconds of Mason soon after, "that the

affair, although fatally, was honorably terminated, and the deportment of the friends of Mr. M'Carty throughout the whole business was perfectly correct." The duel, however, which gave the field of Bladensburg its greatest and world-wide notoriety was that of James Barron and Stephen Decatur, both officers in the United States navy, on the 22d of March, 1820.

In the long and bloody record of the "code" inscribed upon the history of the first half-century of our national existence, this melancholy and unfortunate affair ranks second only to that in which the lamented Hamilton lost his life at Weehawken in 1804. At the time of his death Stephen Decatur was the most brilliant and conspicuous figure in the American navy, and few men in any of the walks of public life attracted a larger share of public attention or had a stronger hold upon the affections of the people. It may be said that he was born into the naval service. His father and grandfather before him had followed the sea. At the age of nineteen he obtained a midshipman's warrant, and took service in the frigate *United States*, in the very last years of the last century. He is described as being at that time "well informed for his age, chivalrous in temper, courteous in his deportment, and adding grace of manner to an attractive person." His promotion was rapid. He became a lieutenant in 1799. When, in 1801, our naval force was cut down, he was one of the thirty-six officers of that grade retained out of a total of one hundred and ten. Soon after war broke out with the Barbary powers, and in February, 1804, he performed the daring feat of capturing and burning the ill-fated *Philadelphia* as she lay moored beneath the guns of Tripoli. For that gallant service he was made a captain, and the next year, after the conclusion of peace, he sailed home in command of the frigate *Congress*.

The fame of his achievements in thus humbling the proud piratical power to which all European nations had paid tribute preceded him, and he was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. When the war of 1812 came his broad pennant of commodore floated over the frigate *United States*, and in that vessel he shortly after fought the brilliant engagement with the British vessel *Macedonian*, which prize he captured and brought safely into port. After the conclusion of peace with England two squadrons were fitted out to proceed again to the Mediterranean, the pirates having assailed our commerce during the war. One squadron was placed under the command of Decatur and the other under that of Bainbridge. They now made complete the work of ten years before.

Decatur captured two Algerine war vessels; he forced the dey to abandon forever all claim of tribute from the United States; he de-

manded and secured the release of all Christian prisoners; he secured indemnity from the bey of Tunis and the pacha of Tripoli for violation of their treaties, and obtained the release of the prisoners held by them. In short he, humbled and for a time completely overawed the powers which had levied shameful tribute upon the commerce of the whole civilized world. They never again molested that of the United States.

For this service all Europe gave him fame and thanks. At home the president eulogized his deeds in his message to congress. When he returned in 1816 to his native land the country was ablaze with enthusiasm, and cities and corporations vied with each other in doing him honor. He was appointed to the office of navy commissioner, and for the next four years devoted his energies to building up the young navy of the republic.

Such was Decatur the brilliant, the hero of two worlds, the idol of the populace. Nor was his, as is too often the case, a one-sided life or character. His domestic relations were as happy and charming as his public career was brilliant. On Lafayette square in Washington he built the commodious and elegant mansion which still bears his name. Here were displayed the trophies of his prowess and glory. Here the accomplished wife who adored him dispensed a hospitality as refined and elegant as it was hearty—reigned the queen of a circle that for brilliancy and accomplishments has never been exceeded in Washington. Yet from this pinnacle of fame and domestic felicity he descended to fling away his life in obedience to the behest of a custom as barbarous as it was unreasonable.

Our sympathy is not all due to Decatur. To the careful reader who follows the long correspondence between the two the conclusion is almost irresistible that although the challenged party he was in fact the aggressor. The culmination of the quarrel between the two men was the result of a long series of events, extending through several years. Singularly enough, its origin may be found in certain events largely instrumental in bringing on the war of 1812. It will be remembered that one of the principal causes of that war was, that Great Britain claimed and exercised the right of stopping our vessels wherever found upon the high seas; of searching them for British citizens or seamen, and of impressing into her marine service whomsoever her officers might decide to fall within that category. That tyrannical and untenable doctrine caused the war of 1812, although it was not mentioned in the peace treaty which followed that struggle.

In 1807 Barron, who had attained the rank of commodore, was placed in command of the United States frigate *Chesapeake*. It was just when our affairs with France had assumed their most threatening aspect—when

war with that power seemed imminent. The vessel, after undergoing hasty repairs, had been hurriedly manned, provisioned, and ordered to sea. Her decks were encumbered with stores, and her crew were undrilled in their new quarters and duties. Just out from the port of Norfolk it was overhauled by the British ship *Leopard*, of fifty guns, whose commander demanded certain alleged British deserters said to be among the crew of the American. Barron refused to surrender the men, and thereupon the *Leopard* opened fire, killing three and wounding eighteen of the *Chesapeake's* men. Wholly unprepared for action, the latter vessel was forced to strike her colors, though her crew managed to fire one gun by a coal brought from the cook's galley. Thereupon the British commander boarded the American and carried off the alleged deserters. His action was afterward repudiated by his government, the men were restored to the *Chesapeake*, and an indemnity in money was paid.

This outrage upon our flag excited universal and burning indignation in the popular mind. A court of inquiry was ordered to investigate the affair, and upon its recommendation Barron was tried by a court-martial. By that body he was found guilty, and suspended from rank and pay for a period of five years. There is little doubt now that this sentence was wholly undeserved; that the fault lay not with the commander whose vessel went to sea unprepared for action, but with the superior officer who issued the ill-timed order. As has so often been the case, public clamor demanded a victim and poor Barron must needs be offered up.

Decatur was a member of both the court of inquiry and the court-martial. Barron believed he should not have served on the latter after having formed and expressed an opinion in the former. After his suspension Barron went abroad and remained away for a number of years. When the war of 1812 was over he returned to his country and applied for restoration to active service in the navy, the term of his suspension having expired. This application Decatur, now in the zenith of his power, opposed with all his influence. The first in the long series of communications which passed between the parties was from Barron to Decatur, dated Hampton, Virginia, June 12th, 1819. He writes: "Sir: I have been informed in Norfolk that you have said that you could insult me with impunity, or words to that effect. If you have said so, you will no doubt avow it, and I shall expect to hear from you."

Decatur replied: "Sir: I have received your communication of the 12th instant. . . . Whatever I may have thought or said in the very frequent and free conversations I have had respecting you and your conduct, I feel a thorough conviction that I never could have been guilty of

so much egotism as to say that I could insult you (or any other man) with impunity." From this point the correspondence continued at great length, and with ever-increasing asperity on both sides; yet through it all one cannot but let his sympathy go out to Barron. He was broken by years of ill-health and bowed down by the weight of a sentence which he felt to be unjust. He was so near-sighted that to his friends, if not to himself, an encounter with pistols must have seemed the sheerest madness. It was to this infirmity he alluded when he wrote: "All I demand is to be placed upon equal grounds with you; such as two honorable men may decide upon as being just and proper." Continuing he says: "You have *hunted* me out; have persecuted me with all the power and influence of your office, and have declared your determination to drive me from the navy if I should make any efforts to be employed; and for what purpose or from what other motive than to obtain my rank I know not. If my life will give it to you, you shall have an opportunity of obtaining it. And now, sir, I have only to add, that if you will make known your determination and the name of your friend, I will give that of mine in order to complete the necessary arrangements to a final close of this affair."

Decatur evidently did not intend to give the other the slight advantage of being the challenged party, for he writes in reply: "I reiterated to you that I have not challenged, nor do I intend to challenge you. . . . It is evident that you think, or your friends for you, that a fight will help you, but in fighting you wish to incur the least possible risk. Now, sir, not believing that a fight of this nature will raise me at all in public estimation, but may even have a contrary effect, I do not feel at all disposed to remove the difficulties that lie in our way. If we fight it must be of your seeking; and you must take all the risk and all the inconvenience which usually attend the challenger in such cases." It is a singular fact in this unfortunate affair, no directly worded challenge ever passed between the parties. In reply to the foregoing Barron wrote: "Sir, your letter of the 29th ultimo, I have received. In it you say that you have now to inform me that you shall pay no further attention to any communication that I may make to you, other than a direct call to the field; in answer to which I have only to reply that whenever you will consent to meet me on fair and equal grounds, that is, such as two honorable men may consider just and proper, you are at liberty to view this as a call. The whole tenor of your conduct to me justifies this course of proceeding on my part. As for your charges and remarks, I regard them not; particularly your sympathy. You know not such a feeling. I cannot be suspected of making the attempt to excite it."

To this Decatur replied: "Sir, I have received your communication of the 16th and am at a loss to know what your intention is. If you intend it as a challenge, I accept it and refer you to my friend Commodore Bainbridge, who is fully authorized by me to make any arrangements he pleases, as regards weapons, mode, or distance." This note was dated January 24, 1820, and the fact that several weeks intervened between it and the fatal meeting would seem to indicate that some difficulty was experienced by the seconds in arranging such terms as would put the parties upon something like a fair and equal footing. It was finally agreed that the weapons should be pistols and the distance eight paces. It was further settled, in concession to Barron's infirmity, that each party after being placed should raise his pistol and take deliberate aim at the other before the word to fire should be given.

Few words were spoken after they took their positions. Barron said: "Sir, I hope on meeting in another world, we shall be better friends than in this." To which Decatur responded: "I have never been your enemy, sir." At the word both fired, apparently at the same instant, and both fell. It was first thought that Decatur was killed, but after a little while he revived somewhat.

William Wirt, who was then attorney-general of the United States and who had tried to prevent the meeting, writing a few days later of the melancholy affair, says: "Decatur was apparently shot dead; he revived, however, after a while, and he and Barron had a parley as they lay on the ground. Doctor Washington, who got up just then, says that it reminded him of the closing scene of a tragedy—Hamlet and Laertes. Barron proposed that they should make friends before they met in heaven, (for he supposed they would both die immediately). Decatur said he had never been his enemy, that he freely forgave him his death—though he could not forgive those who had stimulated him to seek his life. One report says that Barron exclaimed: 'Would to God you had said this much yesterday!' It is certain that the parley was a friendly one, and that they parted in peace. Decatur knew he was to die, and his only sorrow was that he had not died in the service of his country."

Decatur was placed in his carriage and taken to his home in Washington, where he died that night at eleven o'clock. The old *National Intelligencer* of the next morning had the following: "Postscript—Eleven o'clock, Wednesday night, March 22d. A HERO HAS FALLEN! Commodore Stephen Decatur, one of the first officers of our navy—the pride of his country—the gallant and noble-hearted gentleman, is no more. He expired a few moments ago, of the mortal wound received in the duel

of yesterday. Of the origin of the feud which led to this disastrous result we know but what rumor tells. The event we are sure will fill the country with grief. Mourn Columbia! for one of thy brightest stars is set, a son 'without fear and without reproach'—in the freshness of his fame—in the prime of his usefulness—has descended to the tomb." Of his funeral the same paper said: "Since the foundations of the city were laid, perhaps no such assemblage of citizens and strangers, on such an occasion, has been seen." Among those who followed his remains to the tomb were the President of the United States, the members of his cabinet, the foreign ministers resident at Washington, and many other distinguished officers and citizens.

After a long and tedious illness Barron recovered from his wound but he was never restored to active duty, passing the remainder of his service on shore duty and waiting orders. He became senior officer of the navy in 1839, and died at Norfolk in 1851, thirty years after the fatal duel.

Many other duels have occurred, first and last, upon the field of Bladensburg, most of them, perhaps, of later date than the two described, but owing perhaps to the less prominent position of the parties scant record has been preserved. The celebrated encounter between the Hon. Henry Clay and the Hon. John Randolph, in 1826, did not occur here, but took place just across the Potomac on the Virginia shore, a few miles above Georgetown. This grew out of the presidential election of 1824, in which the candidates were Adams, Crawford, Jackson, and Clay. Jackson had received the highest number of electoral votes, but not having a majority, as required by the constitution, the election was thrown into the house of representatives, where, by a combination between the friends of Clay and Adams, the latter was chosen. The supporters of Jackson were highly indignant, and when Clay became the secretary of state under the new administration, they raised the cry of a "corrupt bargain and sale," though there never was the smallest particle of evidence in support of such charge. Randolph, a senator in congress from Virginia, in delivering a speech one day in that body, referred to the affair as "a coalition between Blifil and Black George, the Puritan and the blackleg." The Kentucky statesman immediately challenged the eccentric Virginian, the cartel was promptly accepted, and they met. Clay shot a hole through his antagonist's coat, Randolph fired into the air, and the parties immediately became reconciled and remained warm friends ever afterward.

The murderous meeting in 1838 between the Hon. Jonathan Cilley, a member of the house of representatives from Maine, and the Hon. William J. Graves, a member of the same body from Kentucky, did not occur

upon this immediate field, but at a spot two or three miles away, near the Marlborough road, across the eastern branch. This is considered the third most noted duel that ever occurred in the United States, and there was certainly less excuse for it and for the vindictive *animus* displayed by one of the parties than for any whose particulars have been recorded.

James Watson Webb, the editor of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, addressed a note to Mr. Cilley, demanding an explanation of certain language used by the latter in debate in the house, which language was supposed to refer to and reflect upon said editor. Of this note Mr. Graves was the bearer, with a full knowledge of its hostile tenor. Mr. Cilley declined to receive the communication, not from any intended discourtesy to the bearer, but solely on the ground that he declined to be drawn into any controversy by an outsider for words spoken in debate in the discharge of his duty. Thereupon the member from Kentucky espoused the quarrel of his principal, and challenged Mr. Cilley himself. They fought with rifles at the distance of eighty yards. At the first fire both missed. An effort was then made to adjust the difficulty, but without success. A second time the parties exchanged shots, and again both missed. The seconds of Cilley insisted that their principal should not further imperil his life, upon a mere punctilio. Graves insisted upon another shot. At the third fire Mr. Cilley was struck down, and almost immediately expired. The seconds in this affair were the Hon. George W. Jones, member of congress of Tennessee, on the part of Mr. Cilley, and the Hon. Henry A. Wise, member of congress of Virginia, on the part of Mr. Graves. There were also present Congressmen Crittenden and Menefee of Kentucky, Duncan of Ohio, and Bynum of North Carolina. A committee of the house of representatives was appointed to investigate the circumstances, and the following extract from their voluminous report is given to show something of the spirit animating those who were really to blame for the duel.

"Early in the day on which he fell, an agreement was entered into between James Watson Webb, Daniel Jackson, and William H. Morrell, to arm themselves, repair to the room of Mr. Cilley, and force him to fight Webb with pistols on the spot, or to pledge his word of honor to give Webb a meeting before Mr. Graves; and if Mr. Cilley would do neither, to shatter his right arm. They accordingly took measures to ascertain whether Mr. Cilley was at his lodgings, and finding that he was not, they proceeded, well armed, to Bladensburg, where it was said the duel between Mr. Graves and Mr. Cilley was to take place. Before arriving there, it was agreed between Webb, Jackson, and Morrell, that Webb should approach Mr. Cilley, claim the quarrel, insist on fighting him, and assure

him if he aimed his rifle at Mr. Graves, he (Webb) would shoot him (Mr. Cilley) on the spot. It was supposed by them that Mr. Graves, or Mr. Wise, or some of the party, would raise a weapon at Webb, whereupon it was agreed that Webb should instantly shoot Mr. Cilley, and that they should then defend themselves in the best way they could."

The historic "field of honor" continued to be the resort of belligerent parties down, perhaps, to the time of the late war, though happily it was never again the scene of such shocking combats as those which marked the deaths of Mason and Decatur.

And with reasonable confidence we may assert that it will never witness such scenes again. It is no longer a cause of disgrace to refuse to accept a challenge, but, on the contrary, public sentiment now sides with the man, whether in public or private life, who has the moral courage to defy this barbarous relic of the dark ages.

Milton D. Adkins.

DR. LYMAN HALL, GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA, 1783

SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

The subject of this sketch was a descendant in the fifth generation of John Hall, who, coming from Coventry, England, crossed the Atlantic in the ship *Griffin*, and, after a sojourn in Boston and New Haven, established his home at Wallingford, Connecticut. In this village Lyman Hall, son of the Hon. John Hall and Mary Street, was born on the 12th of April, 1724.

Graduating from Yale College in 1747, in a class of twenty-eight members, several of whom attained distinction in after life, he entered upon the study of theology under the guidance of his uncle, Rev. Samuel Hall. His purpose undergoing a change, he abandoned the idea of becoming a minister of the Gospel, and applied himself to the acquisition of a medical education. After quite a thorough preliminary course he was admitted to the degree of Doctor of Medicine, married Mary Osborne, and commenced the practice of his profession in his native town.

Early in 1697 a body of Puritans from the towns of Dorchester, Roxbury, and Milton, in Massachusetts, taking with them their pastor, Reverend Joseph Lord, and proclaiming their desire to encourage the foundation of churches and the promotion of religion in the Southern plantations, removed with their families and personal effects and formed a new residence at Dorchester, on the left bank of the Ashley river, not many miles above Charles-Town in South Carolina. Here these enterprising colonists multiplied in numbers and increased in wealth, exerting a strong moral and political influence. Attracted by tidings of the prosperity of this settlement, and anxious to advance his professional and personal interests, Dr. Hall—himself in full sympathy with the religious tenets of these Congregationalists—in the twenty-eighth year of his age abandoned his home at Wallingford and cast his lot among the Puritan dwellers at Dorchester and Beach Hill in South Carolina. He was cordially welcomed, and appears at once to have secured the confidence of the community.

After a residence of rather more than fifty years in this swamp region of Carolina, finding their lands impoverished, and insufficient for the rising generation—Dorchester and Beach Hill proving unhealthy—the good reports of the lands in southern Georgia having been confirmed upon the

personal inspection of certain members of the society who had been sent for that purpose, and a grant* of 22,400 acres of rich land having been secured from the Georgia authorities—the members of the Dorchester Society, in 1752, began moving into what is now the swamp region of Liberty county. This territory lay between Mount Hope swamp on the north and Bull-Town swamp on the south. Begun in 1752, the immigration continued until 1771, and embraced about three hundred and fifty whites and fifteen hundred negro slaves. The influx of this population was most marked during the years 1754, 1755, and 1756. It was about this time that Dr. Hall, following the fortunes of his newly formed friends, accompanied them to the Midway settlement, and became the owner of a small plantation a few miles north of Midway meeting house and on the line of the Savannah and Darien highway—a road connecting the northern and southern confines of the province, which had been completed under the guidance of Tomo-chi-chi and by the command of General Oglethorpe. The region into which the Dorchester congregation thus immigrated was known as the "Midway district." The country was densely wooded, marish, and filled with game. Ducks and geese in innumerable quantities frequented the low grounds, creeks, and lagoons. Wild turkeys and deer abounded. Bears and beavers dwelt in the swamps, and buffalo herds wandered in the neighborhood. There was no lack of squirrels, raccoons, opossums, rabbits, snipe, woodcock, cranes, herons, and rice-birds. Wildcats and hawks were the pest of the region, while the cry of the cougar was often heard in the depths of the vine-clad woods. The waters were alive with fishes, alligators, terrapins, and snakes.

In utter disregard of the manifest laws of health these immigrants located their dwellings and plantation-quarters on the edges of the swamps, and in such malarial situations passed the entire year. While corn, potatoes, and peas were planted on the upland, chief attention was bestowed upon the cultivation of rice. To that end the swamps, at great labor, were cleared, ditched, and drained. A miasmatic soil was thus exposed to the action of the sun and, as a direct consequence of injudicious location and a too frequent inattention to domestic comfort, occurred violent sickness and considerable mortality.

Dr. Hall found ample employment for his best professional skill, and endeared himself to the community by his unremitting exertions to counteract the pernicious influences of bilious fevers during the summer and fall, and pleurisies in the winter and spring.

In 1758 Mark Carr conveyed three hundred acres of land bordering

* This grant was subsequently enlarged by the addition of 9,950 acres.

upon Midway river to certain trustees, with instructions to lay out a town to be called Sunbury. So soon as the lots were surveyed and designated many members of the Midway congregation, attracted by the beauty and salubrity of the location, became purchasers, and there established their summer homes. Among them was Dr. Lyman Hall, who bought two of the most desirable lots, numbers 33 and 34, fronting on the bay. Here he built a residence and spent most of his time when not actively employed in visiting his patients. His reputation as a successful practitioner and sympathizing friend was most enviable. In fact he speedily became the leading physician of the town and adjacent country. His polite address, literary attainments, public spirit, social habits, thoughtful views, and well-rounded character united in rendering him popular and influential with the inhabitants of St. John's parish. That he entertained a lively interest in public affairs and enjoyed the confidence of his fellow-citizens is evident from the prominence accorded to him when the differences between England and her American colonies were seriously discussed and the question of a separation from the mother country was gravely considered. His sympathies from the first were with the "Liberty Boys," and his arguments and labors were boldly expended in compassing liberation from kingly rule. Georgia occupied a position peculiar among her sister colonies. Since her settlement she had received by grant of parliament nearly £200,000, besides generous bounties extended in aid of silk culture and various agricultural products. The paternal care of the crown had been kindly and signally manifested in her behalf. As a natural consequence there existed a marked division of sentiment upon the political questions which agitated the community during the years immediately preceding open rupture between England and America. The royal party was active and strong, and it required no little effort on the part of the rebels to acquire the mastery and place the province fairly within the lists of the revolutionists. The line of demarcation was sometimes so sharply drawn that father was arrayed against son, and brother against brother. Thus, not to multiply examples, the Hon. James Habersham and Colonel Noble Jones maintained their allegiance to the crown, while their sons were among the foremost champions of the rights claimed by the rebels. The cruel effects of such disagreements, experienced prior to and during the progress of the revolution, were projected even beyond the final establishment of the republic. Governor Wright was most energetic in upholding the fortunes of his royal master, and succeeded in delaying action on the part of the colony. Through his influence Georgia was not represented in the first session of

the continental congress. The parish of St. John—which then possessed nearly one-third of the aggregate wealth of Georgia, and the citizens of which were noted for their thrift, courage, honesty, and determination—chafed under the inaction of the province, which bred dissatisfaction at home and called down denunciation most violent from the republican party in South Carolina. The Puritan element in the parish, cherishing and proclaiming intolerance of established church and of the divine right of kings, impatient of restraint, accustomed to independent thought and action, and careless of associations which encouraged tender memories of and love for the mother country, asserted its hatreds, its affiliations, and its hopes with no uncertain utterance and appears to have controlled the action of the entire parish. In commenting upon the disturbed condition of affairs, Governor Wright advised the Earl of Dartmouth that the head of the rebellion in Georgia should be located in St. John's parish, and that the revolutionary measures there inaugurated were to be mainly referred to the influence of the "descendants of New England people of the Puritan independent sect," who, "retaining a strong tincture of republican or Oliverian principles, have entered into an agreement among themselves to adopt both the resolutions and associations of the continental congress."

On the revolutionary altars erected within the Midway district were the fires of resistance to the dominion of England earliest kindled; and of all the patriots of that uncompromising community Lyman Hall, by his counsel, exhortations, and determined spirit, added stoutest fuel to the flames. Between the immigrants from Dorchester and the distressed Bostonians existed not only the ties of a common lineage, but also sympathies born of kindred religious, moral, social, and political education. It is therefore not difficult to perceive why the Midway settlement declared at such an early period and in such an emphatic manner for the revolutionists.

Dissatisfied with the failure of the Savannah congress to place the province in direct association with the other twelve American colonies, the inhabitants of St. John's parish, under the leadership of Lyman Hall, resolved "to exert themselves to the utmost, and to make every sacrifice that men impressed with the strongest sense of their rights and liberties, and warm with the most benevolent feelings for their oppressed brethren, can make to stand firmly or fall gloriously in the common cause." They called a convention of their own, extending invitations to the inhabitants of other parishes, in the hope "that if a majority of the parishes would unite with them they would send deputies to join the general congress,

and faithfully and religiously abide by and conform to such determination as should there be entered into, and come from thence recommended."

This effort failing of success, on the 9th of February, 1775, at a meeting of the inhabitants of St. John's parish—convened at Midway and presided over by Lyman Hall—Joseph Wood, Daniel Roberts, and Samuel Stevens, members of the parish committee, were deputed with a carefully prepared letter to repair to Charlestown, South Carolina, and request of the committee of correspondence their "permission to form an alliance with them, and to conduct trade and commerce according to the act of non-importation to which they had already acceded." Among other arguments advanced in that communication, framed and signed by Dr. Hall as chairman, we find the following:

"Our being a parish of a non-associated province cannot, we presume, prevent our joining the other provinces, as the restrictions mentioned in the 14th clause of the general association must, as we apprehend, be considered as a general rule only, and respects this province considered in a mixed or promiscuous sense; but as we of this parish are a body detached from the rest by our resolutions and association, and sufficiently distinct by local situation, large enough for particular notice, and have been treated as such by a particular address from the late continental congress, adjoining a sea-port, and in that respect capable of conforming to the general association, and (if connected with you) with the same fidelity as a distinct parish of your own province; therefore we must be considered as comprehended within the spirit and equitable meaning of the continental association, and we are assured you will not condemn the innocent with the guilty, especially when a due separation is made between them."

Reaching Charlestown on the 23d of February, Messrs. Wood, Roberts, and Stevens waited upon the general committee and earnestly endeavored to accomplish their mission. While expressing their admiration of the patriotism of the parish, and entreating its citizens to persevere in their laudable exertions, the Carolinians deemed it "a violation of the continental association to remove the prohibition in favor of any *part* of a province."

Disappointed, and yet not despairing, the inhabitants of St. John's parish "resolved to prosecute their claims to an equality with the confederated colonies." Having adopted certain resolutions by which they obligated themselves to hold no commerce with Savannah or other places except under the supervision of a committee, and then only with a view to procuring the necessities of life, and having avowed their entire sympathy with all the articles and declarations promulgated by the general

congress, the inhabitants of St. John's parish elected Dr. Lyman Hall as a delegate to represent them in the continental congress. This appointment occurred on the 21st of March, 1775, and was conferred in direct recognition of his prominent and persistent services in behalf of the revolutionists. No more suitable selection could have been made. Among the prominent citizens of the parish no one enjoyed a more enviable reputation for courage, ability, wisdom, and loyalty to the aims of the republican party. When departing for the continental congress he carried with him, as a present from his constituents to the suffering patriots in Massachusetts, one hundred and sixty barrels of rice and fifty pounds sterling.

The patriotic spirit of its inhabitants, and this independent action of St. John's parish in advance of the other Georgia parishes, were afterwards acknowledged when all the parishes were in accord in the revolutionary movement. As a tribute of praise, and in token of general admiration, the name of *Liberty county* was conferred upon the consolidated parishes of St. John, St. Andrew, and St. James. On the 13th of May, 1775, Dr. Hall, who had been so instrumental in persuading the parish of St. John to this independent course, attended at the door of congress, presented his credentials, and was unanimously "admitted as a delegate from the parish of St. John in the colony of Georgia, subject to such regulations as congress should determine relative to his voting." Until Georgia was fully represented he declined to vote upon questions which were to be decided by a vote of colonies. He participated, however, in the debates, recorded his opinion in cases where an expression of sentiment by colonies was not required, and declared his earnest conviction "that the example which had been shown by the parish which he represented would be speedily followed, and that the representation of Georgia would soon be complete."

This came to pass within a very few months, and Georgia assumed her station and responsibilities in the sisterhood of confederated colonies.

By successive appointments Dr. Hall was continued as a member from Georgia of the continental congress. Upon the fall of Savannah in December, 1778, and the capture of Sunbury, the entire coast region of Georgia passed into the possession of the king's forces, which overran, plundered, and exacted the most onerous tribute. To the families of those who maintained their allegiance to the rebel cause no mercy was shown. Stripped of property, their homes rendered desolate, often without food and clothing, they were dependent upon the charity of impoverished neighbors.

Dr. Hall's residence in Sunbury and his rice plantation near Midway meeting house were despoiled. Under such melancholy circumstances

he removed his family to the North and there resided until the evacuation of Savannah in 1782. While his services as a member of the continental congress were perhaps not as conspicuous as those rendered by some of his brethren, it may nevertheless be fairly claimed that he was regular, earnest, and intelligent in the discharge of the important duties devolving upon him. He was present and, in association with Button Gwinnett and George Walton, affixed his signature to the Declaration of Independence.

Between Dr. Hall and the gifted, ambitious Gwinnett existed a warm friendship. The former resided at Sunbury, and the latter upon St. Catherine Island, within distant sight of that pleasant village. They constantly exchanged social courtesies, and were of one mind upon the political questions which then agitated and divided the public thought. As president of the council of safety and commander-in-chief of Georgia, Gwinnett, in 1777, anxious to signalize his administration by a feat of arms, planned an expedition for the subjugation of East Florida. Instead of intrusting the command of the forces employed to General Lachlan McIntosh, who, as the ranking military officer of Georgia was entitled in all fairness and in accordance with custom to expect and to claim it, Gwinnett set him aside and determined in person to lead the expedition. McIntosh was not even permitted to accompany his brigade, and Colonel Elbert was assigned to the command of the continental forces to the exclusion of his superior officer. General McIntosh was naturally incensed at this conduct of Gwinnett, and denounced him in unmeasured terms.

Soon after, when in the exercise of his gubernatorial powers and responding to the emergency caused by the lamented death of Archibald Bulloch, Gwinnett convened the legislature to elect his successor, McIntosh espoused the choice of John Adam Treutlen, who was the rival candidate for popular favor. Gwinnett had set his heart upon the office, and was grievously disappointed at the selection of his opponent. So violent was the animosity harbored by McIntosh, that, during the short but heated canvass, he publicly denounced Gwinnett in unmeasured terms. The quarrel between these gentlemen culminated on the 15th of May, 1777, when Gwinnett challenged McIntosh to mortal combat. They met the next morning at sunrise within the present limits of the city of Savannah. What then transpired we relate in the language of Dr. Hall, who, in a postscript to a letter addressed to the Hon. Roger Sherman, under date of Savannah, June 1, 1777, writes as follows:

"I resume my Pen to confirm what you have no Doubt heard, that our worthy Friend Gwinnett has unfortunately fell. The Contention

between him & the Gen^l run high, principally respectg the Expedition against E. Florida, which bro^d on an Enquiry in the House of Assembly into the Conduct of M^r Gwinnett who, as President & Commander in Chief, had made the preparations & meant with the Militia, and aid of Continent^l Troops, to have carried them into Execution as principal Leader & Commander: he proceeded as far as Sunbury,—from this about 40 mile,—with a small Fleet, from thence sent for the Militia and Continent^l Troops to join him—few of the Militia turned out, except those of the Parish of St. John, & when the Gen^l with the Continent^l Troops arrived, M^r Gwinnett summoned a Council of War, but the Gen^l it seems would not hold a Council of War with him: he repeated his Summonses, but to no purpose, on which Mr. Gwinnett's Council & the Field Officers of the Gen^l advised both to return to this place and leave the command of the Expedition to the next Officer. This matter was laid before the Assembly, where both appeared and were heard, on which the Assembly Resolved 'that they approved the Conduct of M^r Gwinnett & his Council so far as those matters had been laid before them.' Here it was (in Assembly) that the Gen^l called him (as 'tis said) *a Scoundrell & lying Rascal*—I confess I did not hear the words, not being so nigh the parties; however it seems agreed that it was so. A Duel was the consequence, in wh^h they were placed at 10 or 12 foot Distance. Discharged their Pistols nearly at the same Time. Each wounded in the Thigh. M^r Gwinnett's thigh broke so that he fell—on wh^h ('tis said) the Gen^l Asked him if he chose to take another shot—was answered Yes, if they would help him up (or words nearly the same). The seconds interposed. M^r Gwinnett was brought in, the Weather Extremely hot. A Mortification came on—he languish'd from that Morning (Friday) till Monday Morning following, & expired.

O Liberty! Why do you suffer so many of your faithful sons, your warmest Votaries, to fall at your Shrine! Alas! my Friend, my Friend!

* * * *

Excuse me, D^r Sir, the Man was *Valuable*, so attached to the Liberty of this State & Continent that his whole Attention, Influence, & Interest centered in it, & seemed riveted to it. He left a Mournful Widow and Daugh^r & I may say the Friends of Liberty on a whole Continent to deplore his Fall." * * *

Gwinnett's death caused intense excitement. Dr. Hall—one of his executors and a warm personal friend—and other gentlemen of influence brought the matter to the notice of the legislature, and charged the judicial

officers with a neglect of duty in not arresting McIntosh and binding him over to answer to the charge of murder. Informed of these facts, so soon as his wound permitted, the general surrendered himself to Judge Glen, entered into bonds for his appearance, was indicted, tried, and acquitted. Even this determination of the matter did not allay the resentment of the Gwinnett party, who, incensed at the loss of their leader, used every exertion to impair the influence of McIntosh and to fetter his efforts in the public service. At the suggestion of his friends he repaired to the headquarters of General Washington for assignment to duty in other quarters. For nearly two years he remained absent from his native state.

Upon his return to Georgia Dr. Hall selected Savannah as his home, and, with shattered fortunes, resumed the practice of his profession. While thus quietly employed he was, in January, 1783, elected governor of Georgia.

His acknowledgment of the honor thus conferred was expressed in the following brief inaugural address:

"MR. SPEAKER AND GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY:

I esteem your unsolicited appointment of me to the office of chief magistrate of this state as the greatest honor, and I am affected with sentiments of the warmest gratitude on this occasion. The early and decided part which I took in the cause of America originated from a full conviction of the justice and rectitude of the cause we engaged in, has uniformly continued as the principle of my heart, and I trust will to the last moments of my life.

If I can, by a strict attention to the various objects of government, and a steady and impartial exertion of the powers with which you have invested me, carry into execution the wise and salutary laws of the state, it will afford a pleasing prospect of our future welfare, brighten the dawn of independence, and establish the genuine principles of whigism on a firm and permanent foundation.

The confident reliance, gentlemen, I have in the wisdom of the council you have assigned me, and the firm support of your honorable house, afford a flattering expectation of succeeding in this difficult and important trust."

Georgia had but recently emerged from the perils and privations of the Revolution; and, while all were rejoicing in the inchoate blessings of independence, poverty, sorrow, and desolation were the heritage of many homes. The energies of his administration, which lasted for only one year, were chiefly directed to the establishment of land offices and the

sale of confiscated property; to the arrangement of the public debt and the rewarding of officers and soldiers with bounty warrants for services rendered; with the accommodation of differences and the prevention of further disturbance with Florida, and the adjustment of the northern boundary of Georgia; with the establishment of courts and schools; and with the consummation of treaties of cession from and amity with contiguous Indian nations. The most important of these were solemnized at Augusta with the Cherokee Indians in May, and with the Creek Indians in November, 1783. Upon the assembling of the legislature at Augusta, on the 8th of July, 1783, Governor Hall, in his message, thus commended to its members the subject of public education:

"In addition, therefore, to wholesome laws restraining vice, every encouragement ought to be given to introduce religion, and learned clergy to perform divine worship in honor of God, and to cultivate principles of religion and virtue among our citizens. For this purpose it will be your wisdom to lay an early foundation for endowing seminaries of learning; nor can you, I conceive, lay a better than by a grant of a sufficient tract of land, that may, as in other governments, hereafter, by lease or otherwise, raise a revenue sufficient to support such valuable institutions."

Be it spoken and remembered to his perpetual praise that Governor Hall, by this early and wise suggestion, sounded the key-note and paved the way for the foundation and the sustentation of the University of Georgia, which, for nearly a century, has proven the parent of higher education and civilization in Georgia. Upon the conclusion of his term of service he resumed, in Savannah, the practice of his profession, holding no public office save that of judge of the inferior court of Chatham county. This position he resigned upon his removal to Burke county in 1790. He had evidently prospered and accumulated a fortune somewhat unusual in that day and community, for he then purchased a fine plantation on the Savannah river not far from Shell-Bluff, and furnished it with a considerable number of negro slaves, and all animals, implements, and provisions requisite for its proper cultivation.

Here he died on the 19th of October, 1790, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, leaving a widow Mary, and a son John, both of whom within a short time followed him to the tomb, and were buried in a substantial brick vault situated on a bold bluff overlooking the Savannah river. There he rested until his remains were removed and brought to Augusta, Georgia, and placed, in association with those of George Walton, beneath the monument erected by patriotic citizens in front of the court house in honor of the

signers from Georgia of the Declaration of Independence. Gwinnett's bones could not be found; for, although it was believed that he was interred in the old cemetery on South Broad street in Savannah, no stone having been erected over his grave, all memory of the place of his sepulture had vanished.

The will of Dr. Hall, which was on file in the office of the court of ordinary of Burke county, at Waynesboro, was destroyed by an accidental fire which consumed the court house and most of the public records. Subsequent to the removal of his remains to Augusta, Mr. William D'Antignac, who then owned the Hall plantation, forwarded to the corporate authorities of Wallingford, Connecticut, the native town of the signer, the marble slab inserted in the front of the brick vault wherein they had so long rested. That slab is still carefully preserved. It bears the following inscription:

"Beneath this stone rest the remains of

HON. LYMAN HALL,

formerly governor of this state, who departed this life on the 19th of October, 1790, in the 67th year of his age. In the cause of America he was uniformly a patriot. In the incumbent duties of a husband and a father he acquitted himself with affection and tenderness.

But reader, above all know from this inscription that he left this probationary state as a true Christian and an honest man.

To those so mourned in death, so loved in life,
The childless parent and the widowed wife,
With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
That holds his ashes and expects her own."

In Sanderson's *Lives of the Signers* we are advised that Dr. Lyman Hall was six feet high and finely proportioned; that his manners were easy and polite; that his deportment was affable and dignified; that the force of his enthusiasm was tempered by discretion; that he was firm in purpose and principles; that the ascendancy which he gained was engendered by a mild, persuasive manner coupled with a calm, unruffled temper; and that, possessing a strong discriminating mind, he had the power of imparting his energy to others, and was peculiarly fitted to flourish in the perplexing and perilous scenes of the Revolution.

While there are several engraved portraits of the signer, we cannot speak authoritatively in regard to the genuineness of any of them. Careful inquiry has thus far failed to disclose the existence of any original portrait of Dr. Hall, unless that in the Philadelphia group, from which my

friend Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York city, had his drawing made, may be so regarded. So far as we can ascertain, there is in Georgia no original likeness of Dr. Hall. His only son died childless, and there are no lineal descendants of this signer. The state of Georgia perpetuates his name by one of her counties, and the memory of his manly walk and conversation, of his Christian virtues, useful acts, and patriotic impulses is and will be gratefully cherished.

Although he never bore arms, or won the distinction of an orator, he hazarded everything in the cause of humanity and liberty, on every occasion manifesting an exalted patriotism, conscious of the blessings to be secured and jealous of the rights to be defended.

Charles C. Jones, Jr.

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA, *November*, 1890.

THE ELOQUENCE OF ANDREW JOHNSON

I had the rare and very good fortune to be a spectator, in the gallery of the United States senate, of one of the most thrilling scenes that ever transpired within those historic walls. It was on the evening of the 2d of March, 1861, between nine and ten o'clock. Not more than forty hours thereafter President Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated. The country was then on the eve of our terrible civil war—an impending calamity which few thoughtful people saw any possibility of being averted. There had been, in both the house and senate, protracted and exciting debates upon "the state of the Union," in which great bitterness had been exhibited, all of which, however, ended in no improvement of the situation. There were men on both sides who would gladly have laid down their lives could they have secured peace by such a sacrifice, but their efforts came to naught. The great questions at issue were only to be settled by the stern arbitrament of the sword.

Among those whose devoted loyalty to the Union was most pronounced and emphatic was Andrew Johnson, then a United States senator from Tennessee. Because he thus represented a slave state, he was doubly obnoxious to the southern senators and representatives. Then, again, he was so outspoken and daring in his denunciation of what he regarded as treason to his country, that he smoothed down no asperities, allayed no animosities. He was at that time but fifty-three years of age, in the very prime of life, stalwart, vigorous, and utterly devoid of the sense of physical fear. He had come up from the humblest walk of life through his own unaided exertions. A destitute orphan, he became a tailor's apprentice, and had been charitably taught the alphabet by his fellow-workmen. When he was finally married, his good and accomplished wife taught him to write, reading to him while he wrought with shears and needle and goose. It is related that he only acquired the art of writing with facility after he was elected to a seat in congress. These well-known facts only made him the more objectionable to the advocates and promoters of southern slavery, in whose eyes honest labor was an unmitigated disgrace. They allowed no opportunity to pass unimproved in which they could show their contempt for such a "mud-sill" as Charles Sumner.

At the time of which I write, not even Lyman Trumbull, Henry Wilson, James Harlan, John P. Hale, or Joshua R. Giddings, either or all of

them put together, were so bitterly repugnant to the south as the ex-tailor whom the proud state of Andrew Jackson and James K. Polk had sent up to the senate of the United States. They hated him with an intensity of feeling which it is no exaggeration to say was "red hot."

A great debate was in progress on this evening of that memorable 2d of March. The galleries were filled to their utmost capacity, as they usually were during those exciting days just "befo' de wah." The senate, as in committee of the whole, had under consideration a joint resolution proposing certain amendments to the constitution of the United States. I do not have the opportunity of referring to this resolution, but I can hardly be mistaken when I state my recollection, that it was one of those vain and useless contrivances for saving the Union and slavery together by some sort of compromise. It was a "Report of the Peace Conference." Such ropes of sand were constantly proposed, but they as speedily fell to pieces. The senator from Oregon, General Joseph Lane, "was entitled to the floor." Though representing a northern state, he was one of the most uncompromising supporters of slavery. The northern people did not like him. It was even widely published, and I think quite generally credited, that, in writing his own first name, he spelled it with a small *g*. He was derisively spoken of as "Old Joe Lane." But he was a man of much culture and great ability, and had made a most honorable record in the Mexican war. He enlisted as a private, and came back a full major-general, a sufferer from wounds which nearly cost him his life. He had "done the state some service and they knew it," but he was clear over on the wrong side this time. The session was rapidly wearing to its close when General Lane took the floor for the purpose of reading a very long speech. It fills nearly twenty-three printed columns in the old *Congressional Globe*. Though it is full of the gall of bitterness, inspired by personal and sectional hatred of the utmost intensity, I thought, as I sat a listener in the gallery above, that it was a very prosy affair. He read slowly from a manuscript, to which he closely adhered, carefully laying aside one after another the pages of old-fashioned letter-paper upon which it was written. His voice was low, his manner very quiet, and he scarcely made a gesture. He more reminded one of some decayed, superannuated clergyman than of a warrior who midst smoke and flame had "breathed threatenings and slaughter upon the field of battle." It seemed evidently his intention to so use up the time—until midnight of March 3, as to give Mr. Johnson no opportunity for reply; and as this was to be his last utterance upon the floor of the United States senate, he evidently intended it as his legacy to future times, for he presented in full his views

upon the Union and the Constitution, the guarantees of slavery, the rights of the states, his opposition to coercion, etc. He panegyricized Jefferson Davis in terms of highest laudation, and poured out the bitterest denunciation upon the head of Andrew Johnson. The unfairness of the matter lay largely in the fact that neither Lane nor his friends from the south intended that Andrew Johnson should be heard in reply to this long and most carefully prepared harangue.

The senator from Oregon was not interrupted from the opening to the close of his speech. Johnson sat near by, an attentive listener, but taking no notes. Instantly, as Lane closed, he arose, and was recognized by the presiding officer (Mr. Polk of Missouri). But he had scarcely said "Mr. President," when he was interrupted by Bigler of Pennsylvania, who was a well-known "northern man with southern principles." Johnson was not to be heard if disrespectful interruptions could be made to prevent his reply. Four pages of the *Globe* were filled with a running debate upon various subjects before he was accorded—at the urgent request of Stephen A. Douglas—the right to go on without interruption. It was evident from his first words that he would now make the supreme effort of his life, and doubtless nine out of ten of the people in the galleries were in heartiest sympathy with him. He spoke from the impulse of the instant—wholly impromptu—without a single reference to a book or scrap of paper. It seemed as though a giant of most herculean strength, having been crowded into a corner, had finally turned upon his enemies with power and might and was scattering them like chaff before the wind. The sympathetic audience wanted to applaud his every sentence, and it was the most difficult thing in the world to preserve order. He was so wrought up by intense feeling that every one of his direct, clean-cut sentences went forth like the blow of a Titan. His manner was intensely dramatic, impassioned in the highest degree; and the official report fails to indicate the reception or effect of the great effort which made the speaker Vice-President and President of the United States.

It was soon evident to "the galleries" that unless order was preserved we should all be turned out, for the rules of the senate were very stringent in regard to such demonstrations, and, moreover, the presiding officer was not on our side. So, when a grand, magnificent, patriotic sentence created that indefinable "buzz" which reporters set down as "sensation," it was followed at once by that other—"sh! sh! sh!"—imploring and commanding silence. It was hard work, almost impossible, to refrain from cheering such loyal utterances where treason had been hourly rampant. General Lane continued to pace backward and forward just behind Mr. Johnson

throughout the speech. Whether he did this with the vain idea of over-awing the orator, or from the force of habit, I know not. I rather think that his immediate presence only inspired the speaker to grander flights of eloquence. Referring to the use of personalities by the Oregonian, Johnson said:

"They are not arguments; they are the resort of men whose minds are low and coarse. It is very easy to talk about 'cowards;' to draw autobiographical sketches; to recount the remarkable, the wonderful events and circumstances and exploits that we have performed. I have presented facts and authorities, and upon them I have argued; from them I have drawn conclusions; and why have they not been met? Why have they not been answered? Why abandon the great issues before the country, and go into personal allusions and personal attacks? Cowper has well said:

'A truly sensible, well-bred man
Will not insult me, and no other can.'

But there are men who talk about cowards, courage, and all that description of thing; and in this connection I want to say, not boastingly, that these two eyes of mine never looked upon anything in the shape of mortal man that this heart feared."

As he uttered these last words he pointed out in front of his eyes with the first two fingers of his right hand, rose to his fullest height on tiptoe, and smote his chest with a blow which reverberated throughout the chamber. The air seemed to thrill as if charged with electricity, and cheers were only restrained with the supremest difficulty. Lane was believed to have intimated that he might "call out" the Tennessee "mud-sill," but he did not improve the occasion thus defiantly offered him. Proceeding with his remarks, Mr. Johnson asked:

"Sir, have we reached a point at which we cannot talk about treason? Our forefathers talked about it; they spoke of it in the Constitution of the country; they have defined what treason was. Is it an offense, is it a crime, is it an insult to recite the Constitution that was made by Washington and his compatriots? What does the Constitution say? 'Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort.' There it is clearly defined that treason shall consist only in levying war against the United States, and adhering to and giving aid and comfort to their enemies. Who is it that has been engaged in conspiracies? Who is it that has been engaged in making war upon the United States? Who is it that has fired upon our flag? Who is it that has given instructions to take our arsenals, to take our forts, to take our dock-yards, to take the public property? In the language of the Constitution of the United States, have not those who have been engaged in it been guilty of treason? We make a fair issue. Show me who has been engaged in these conspiracies, who has fired upon our flag, has given instructions to take our forts and our custom-houses, our arsenals and our dock-yards, and I will show you a traitor!"

Uttered in his grandest, most defiant manner, these eloquent words, so fraught with the truth of history, were followed by an outburst of applause which it did not seem to be in the power of mortal man to stifle or restrain. The presiding officer pounded with his gavel, ordering the sergeant-at-arms to proceed at once to "clear the galleries on the right of the chair." Senator Douglas moved to suspend the order, and quite a long debate ensued upon the subject before Mr. Johnson could proceed with his remarks. The audience was allowed to remain, but was repeatedly admonished to refrain from all demonstrations of applause. Resuming, he further said :

"I was going on to remark, in reference to a general allusion to treason, that if individuals were pointed out to me who were engaged in nightly conspiracies, in secret conclaves, and issuing orders directing the capture of our forts and the taking of our custom-houses, I would show who were the traitors ; and that being done, the persons pointed out coming within the purview and scope of that provision of the Constitution I have read, were I the President of the United States I would do as Thomas Jefferson did in 1806 with Aaron Burr : I would have them arrested ; and if convicted within the meaning and scope of the Constitution, by the eternal God, I would execute them ! Sir, treason must be punished !"

"The galleries" were only reasonably quiet under these burning, memorable words, but the people were allowed to remain. The speech makes only a little more than five columns, but it left scarcely anything of "old Joe Lane." It was a most triumphant vindication of the loyal position of Mr. Johnson ; a blasting *exposé* of the unholy aims and ambitions of those who were going into rebellion against the government of the nation. In speaking of Lane his sarcasm was blighting, withering to the last degree. He quoted the soliloquy of Cardinal Wolsey as most fitting to be uttered by the Oregon senator :

"At twelve o'clock on Monday next, or a few minutes before, when the hand of the dial is moving round to mark that important point of time :

'Nay, then, farewell !

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness ;
And, from that full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.'"

These words were most prophetic. Lane went out of public life on that "next Monday at twelve o'clock," and never again returned. Going back to a remote corner of Oregon, honored and useful as he had been in his better days, he passed his old age in poverty, and died in the most complete obscurity.

As this great speech, after nearly thirty years, is now well-nigh forgotten, I am tempted to quote a few more of its scathing words. After replying to some of Lane's arguments, Johnson said :

"I have no disposition, Mr. President, to press this controversy farther. If the senator from Oregon is satisfied with the reply he has made to my speech or speeches, I am more than satisfied. I am willing that his speeches and mine shall go to the country, and as to the application and understanding of the authorities that are recited by each, I am willing to leave an intelligent public to determine that question. I shall make no issue with him on that subject. I feel—and I say it in no spirit of egotism—to-day that in the reply I made to his speech I vanquished every position he assumed ; I nailed many of his statements to the counter as spurious coin ; and I felt that I had the arguments, that I had the authority ; and so feeling I know when I have my victim within my grip. I know an argument that cannot be explained away, and a fact that cannot be upturned. The senator felt it ; I know he felt it from the feeling he has manifested, from the manner in which he has nursed his feelings and his wrath until this occasion to pour them out. Yes, sir, in that contest, figuratively speaking, I impaled him and left him quivering. He felt it. I saw it ; and I have no disposition now, in concluding what little I am going to say, to mutilate the dead, or add one single pang to the tortures of the already politically damned ! I am a humane man ; I will not add one pang to the intolerable sufferings of the distinguished senator from Oregon. [Laughter.] I sought no controversy with him ; I have made no issue with him : it has been forced upon me. How many have attacked me ! And is there a single man, north or south, who is in favor of this glorious Union, who has made an assault on me ? Is there one ? No, not one ! But it is all from secession ; it is all from that usurpation where a reign of terror has been going on."

His closing words were peculiarly pertinent and fitting to the great issue of the time—whether the Union should be preserved. He closed with these sentences :

"I have already suggested that the idea may have entered some minds, 'If we cannot get to be President and Vice-President of the whole United States, we may divide the government, set up a new establishment, have new offices, and monopolize them ourselves when we take our states out.' Here we see a president made, a vice-president made, cabinet officers appointed (for the southern confederacy), and yet the great mass of the people not consulted, nor their consent obtained in any manner whatever. The people of the country ought to be aroused to this condition of things ; they ought to buckle on their armor ; and, as Tennessee has done (God bless her !), by the exercise of the elective franchise, by going to the ballot-box under a new set of leaders, repudiate and put down those men who have carried these states out and usurped a government over their heads. I trust in God that the old flag of the Union will never be struck. I hope it may long wave, and that we may long hear the national air sung :

'The star-spangled banner, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !'

Long may we hear old 'Hail, Columbia,' that good old national air, played on all our martial instruments ! Long may we hear, and never repudiate, the old tune of 'Yankee

Doodle!' Long may wave that gallant old flag which went through the Revolution, and which was borne by Tennessee and Kentucky at the battle of New Orleans, upon that soil the right to navigate the Mississippi near which is now denied. Upon that bloody field the stars and stripes waved in triumph; and, in the language of another, the Goddess of Liberty hovered around when 'the rocket's red glare' went forth, indicating that the battle was raging, and watched the issue; and the conflict grew fierce, the issue was doubtful; but when, at length, victory perched upon your stars and stripes, it was then on the plains of New Orleans that the Goddess of Liberty made her loftiest flight, and proclaimed victory in strains of exultation. Will Tennessee ever desert the grave of him who bore it in triumph, or desert the flag that he waved with success? No! We were in the Union before some of these states were spoken into existence; and we intend to remain in, and insist upon—as we have the confident belief we shall get—all our constitutional rights and protection in the Union, and under the Constitution of the country."

Upon this magnificent, most thrilling, and most eloquent peroration, the pent-up enthusiasm of the vast audience burst forth so tumultuously as to defy all control. Pounding vigorously with his gavel, the presiding officer (Mr. Fitch of Indiana) at length, and with an apparent effort at calmness, said: "It will become the unpleasant but imperative duty of the chair to clear the galleries." Mr. Johnson quickly waved his hand, as if in deprecation of such an order, saying in a kindly, persuasive tone: "Mr. President, I have done."

At this the applause became wilder than ever. Just back of where I was sitting, Hon. J. B. Grinnell of Iowa, afterwards a distinguished member of congress, standing upon the top of the seats, swung his hat, and shouted at the top of his voice: "Three cheers for Andy Johnson of Tennessee!" The audience sprang to their feet, and the cheers were given with a will, awaking the echoes of the United States senate chamber as was never done before nor since. Poor Mr. Fitch pounded with his gavel, shouting to the sergeant-at-arms, "Clear the galleries! Arrest the rioters!"

At once everybody began to leave the galleries, and the remarks which were made in response to the order of the chair were neither respectful nor complimentary. I distinctly remember such expressions as: "Arrest and be ——!" "We are ready to go now." Feeling on both sides was intensely bitter, and there was no lack of freedom in its fullest expression. It was during this day's debate that the swaggering Wigfall of Texas said: "Gentlemen of the republican party, the old Union is dead. The only question that concerns anybody now is as to its burial. Shall we have a decent Christian funeral or an Irish wake? It is for you to decide." In his own case the trouble was worse than a hundred Irish wakes, for he ended his career more miserably than did Lane of Oregon, a failure as a soldier, and a drunkard.

It is very doubtful whether another debate as intensely exciting as this, and as important in its results, ever occurred in the senate of the United States. Our distinguished Iowa ex-senator, Hon. James Harlan, said to me that he never saw anything approaching it, nor from his reading and experience did he believe that this peculiar effort of Andrew Johnson had ever been equaled in this country. Every circumstance contributed to make it one of the greatest events of the century. It was at the outbreak of the rebellion, when southern statesmen believed that the Union was already destroyed. Public excitement was wrought up to the highest pitch and blood might have flowed at any moment. With all his reputation for ability and undaunted courage, southern senators—under the inspiration of a hatred so deep that it can scarcely be understood at this time—must have believed that Andrew Johnson could be vanquished in debate or possibly intimidated into silence. If so they sadly misunderstood the man. No greater occasion could arise in which to put the highest qualities of a patriot to the severest test. He met the emergency grandly, magnificently, and came out triumphantly, with the laurels of a hero and conqueror. His logical arguments, based upon the fairest interpretation of the Constitution of the United States, were wholly unanswerable. His sarcasm, so unmercifully visited upon General Lane, really left that individual in a pitiable condition, from which he never rallied.

As I have stated, the official report gives little indication of the intense feeling attending this great debate; but that complete triumph of Andrew Johnson over his personal enemies and the enemies of the Union was the most important event in a career which led up to the Vice-Presidency, and to the Presidency itself upon the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. It has always seemed quite unaccountable that the later career of a man who had acquitted himself so sublimely in the greatest of national emergencies should have been so erratic as that of Mr. Johnson in the days when he was "swinging around the circle;" but that in no degree detracts from the power and might, the far-reaching influence, of his eloquence upon the 2d of March, 1861.

WEBSTER CITY, IOWA.

Lehman Smith

THE FRENCH ARMY IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

COUNT DE FERSEN'S PRIVATE LETTERS TO HIS FATHER, 1780-81*

I

PARIS, 2d March, 1780.

Dear father: You see me at the height of my ambition. An important expedition is to be started, numbering some twelve thousand men; it is said before we get through we shall be twenty thousand strong. I have obtained permission to join it as aid-de-camp of the general, Monsieur de Rochambeau, but I am sworn to secrecy in this matter, as this coveted place has been already refused to many applicants. Every one seems anxious to join the expedition; only those officers commanding marching regiments are to be sent. I owe my good fortune to Monsieur de Vergennes, who sent in my request. I am delighted beyond expression, as you may imagine. When I spoke to Monsieur de Rochambeau, he was very nice about it, and expressed himself warmly about you, dear father; he wound up by saying that he certainly would like to have me with him to show you how much he esteemed and respected you. The generals who are to be with him are the Marquis of Jancourt, Count Caramon and the Marquis of Viomesnil; as these two latter are notabilities, Rocham-

* Count Jean Axel de Fersen, aid-de-camp of General de Rochambeau, and subsequently grand marshal of Sweden, was born in 1750, and educated at Turin. He took part in the American war as an aid-de-camp of General de Rochambeau, and remained in America until 1783, when he returned to France, and resided at Versailles until 1788. He then went to Sweden and served in the war with Russia, but the next year found him again at the court of France. At the breaking out of the French revolution he was able to be of service to the royal family. It was he who procured the Swedish passports when preparations were being made for flight to the frontier. In the disguise of a coachman, he drove the coach the first part of the journey to Bondy, during that remarkable night of the flight to Varennes. He then left the royal party and made his escape to Brussels. In 1795 he returned to Stockholm, and made it thenceforth his permanent residence, living in great state as a senator, supreme marshal, and chancellor of the university of Upsala. A rumor having spread abroad that his sister, the beautiful Countess Piper, had poisoned her husband, the common people became possessed with the idea that the Count de Fersen had in like manner caused the death of the crown prince elect, Prince Charles Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein. His pride and the consciousness of his own innocence caused him to disregard the warnings of his friends that he should not take part in the funeral ceremonies of the crown prince; he appeared in his state carriage in the procession which followed the body of the prince through the streets of Stockholm, May 20, 1810, and was torn from his carriage and brutally beaten to death by an infuriated mob with sticks and umbrellas.—*Sketch by Mr. Geo. McLaughlin, Cincinnati.*

beau's position is assured. This is the wisest selection he could have made. He has under his command three German regiments; viz., Anhalt, Royal Deux-Ponts and Royal Corse. I have not yet been able to ascertain the number of our French regiments, but the colonels have been ordered to report with their men at Brest on the 15th instant. We are to be there ourselves by the 25th, as we set sail on the 1st of April. The convoy will be escorted by twelve vessels and a number of frigates. Our fleet will be commanded by Monsieur Ouchaffand, whilst the signal fleet is to be under the orders of Count d'Estaing this year, who will be stationed in the Dover Straits. I know our marine will die of sheer spite, yet I think this has been wisely ordered for the good of all.

BREST, 4th of *April*, 1780.

Our embarkation progresses; the artillery, the ammunition, the provisions are already shipped, and now they are busy getting the troops off. The first regiment is expected to-day, and all will be aboard the 8th, as Monsieur de Rochambeau wants to leave port the 10th, to sail definitely the 12th or the 13th. Although I am much pleased, yet my cup of happiness will not be full till I am off the Cape Finistère. I have already told you, dear father, that our division (it cannot be called an army) numbered some seven thousand six hundred and eighty-three men; these are reduced now to only five thousand, owing to the culpable neglect and the utter want of management with which everything is done in this country. You can see, yourself, how it all happened. When the question of this expedition was first mooted, four thousand men were deemed sufficient. Monsieur de Rochambeau absolutely refused to take charge of so small a number, and said he could not command less than seven thousand. About that time he was blamed by every one for his excessive modesty; his only answer was that he was quite sure he had even then more than he could find room for. The result justifies his remark, for instead of finding vessels of thirty thousand tonnage which had been promised by Monsieur de Sartines, there were only those of twelve thousand to be found amongst all the transport ships which were assembled at Brest. As we generally count two men per ton, this number would only make the third wanted. However, by strenuous efforts we found means to leave two thousand five hundred and ninety-five men behind and sail with five thousand and eighty-eight. We are all in a state of despair as we cannot help being surprised and indignant that the larger vessels harboring at St. Malo and Havre were not dispatched to Brest during the winter season instead of waiting till spring, when they ran the risk of falling

in with Jersey pirates who cut off all communication between these three ports. This is just what has happened. We had counted on ten or twelve large vessels from Havre and St. Malo, but these were forced to return to shelter as the risk of being captured was entirely too great. Boneau had been written to, to provide others. They are expected every day, but should they not arrive here by the 12th we sail anyhow, and the remainder of our little army will join us when it can. I am in hopes that a welcome increase of four thousand men to their small number will be made, it becomes a necessity. We have four superior officers: the Chevalier of Chastellux, the Chevalier and Baron Viomesnil (two brothers), and Monsieur Wicktenstein, formerly colonel of an Anhalt regiment. These four officers are field-m Marshals. We have taken a great deal of artillery, especially siege pieces. We are victualled for four months at sea, and for four on land. We are escorted by seven line vessels: the *Duke of Burgundy* of eighty guns, the *Neptune* of seventy-four, the *Conqueror* of seventy-four, the *Jason* of sixty-four, the *Eveille* of sixty-four, the *Provence* of sixty-four, and the *Ardent* of sixty-four (this latter was captured last year by the British), besides two frigates. Our convoy numbers twenty-four ships. I do not as yet know to which vessel I shall be assigned. The general is to sail on the *Duke of Burgundy*, with only one of his old aids-de-camp, as there is no room for the others; I am almost certain, however, of going on a man-of-war.

At sea, on board the *Jason*,
Monday, 16 May, 1780, off Cape Finistère.

I have only time to write you a few lines to let you know I am well, and that I have not suffered at all with sea-sickness. We met with pretty rough weather, which carried away one of our masts. As the wind is now in our favor we may reach America in forty days. We have just sighted a large craft, but we do not know whether she be friend or foe. I have no time to write you more.

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, 5th August, 1780.

The letter I wrote you on the 16th of July and which returned here on the 23d because of the English fleet putting in an appearance, is now at the bottom of the sea, as the vessel which finally carried it struck on a rock as she was leaving port on the 30th of July. In that lost letter I not only gave you an account of a naval engagement in which we took part, but I sent you a little chart, as well as a log-book of our sail. I will not have time to rewrite the naval engagement or to make a fresh draught

of the plans, but here is my diary. We left Brest on the 4th of May. Met with a gale in the Bay of Biscay on the 11th. We doubled the Cape of Finistère on the 16th or 17th. We then southed 27° latitude, then headed westward. On the 20th of June off the Bermudas we met with five English vessels and a frigate which fought us for a couple of hours without doing much damage. At night-fall they sailed away and we were prevented from following them by our convoy. We were to have landed on Chesapeake Bay, but on the 4th, as we were but fifteen leagues from shore, we fell in with eleven vessels which we rightly judged were men-of-war, so we thought it more prudent to direct our course to this place, Rhode Island, where we arrived safely on the evening of the 11th, entering port at 6 P.M. Our fears of meeting the British whilst we were crossing the bay to reach here were not groundless, as Admiral Graves, who had left England in our wake with the determination to join us and fight us if he could, arrived in New York on the 13th, where he mustered a fresh crew and appeared at the entrance of our harbor on the 17th. Were he to have reached Rhode Island before us, he certainly would have occupied it, and we could not possibly have gotten in without a smart struggle, which would no doubt have cost us our convoy in spite of any advantage we might have gained. As to our future plans I cannot tell you, dear father, as I know absolutely nothing about them. We are anxious to join General Washington, who is stationed about twenty-five miles from New York, as we think that is the only way we can be doing something. I do not know whether this junction of forces will ever take place. In the meanwhile we are blockaded here by twenty sail, ten of which are line vessels; daily do they come dangerously near the coast, but we are told that all this will amount to nothing, and I believe so. We are expecting General Clinton, who has left New York with ten thousand men. We are all ready to receive him; all precautions have been taken. I hope he will come, although I can scarcely believe he will commit such a blunder.

NEWPORT, 8th September, 1780:

Nothing has taken place since my last. We are still on our island and are peaceably settled and in the best order possible, occupying a healthy camp with a good position and strongly entrenched. The works of defense are not quite completed; they are being actively pushed forward. The most rigid discipline is enforced; nothing is taken from the inhabitants but what is paid for cash down. There has not been a complaint against the troops. This discipline of ours is admirable; it surprises the Americans who are accustomed to being pillaged not only by the British

but by their own army as well. The greatest confidence and harmony reign between our two nations. If this alone suffices to insure us a happy result of the expedition we will be successful.

These last four or five days our blockade has been raised, and we do not know where the British fleet has gone; we are momentarily expecting news from Jamaica, which, if conquered, will not leave us much to do here. General Clinton, who is in command of New York, remains on Long Island with his twenty thousand men. He has richly stored the island with provisions and fuel; he seems determined to winter there. I greatly fear we shall have to pass ours here. I would not mind this so much were we assured of a spring campaign. Our army is in the best possible condition; officers and men alike seem to be willing to work for the common cause. Of course little bickerings will occasionally take place, this is unavoidable; but perfect law and order prevail, especially amongst the French, which only proves what a good commander can do. We have not yet begun maneuvering, but will do so shortly. You, who know the French so well, dear father, especially those who are attached to the court, you can imagine the state of desperation these young courtiers are in when they realize the fact that they have to pass a quiet winter here in Newport, far from their lady-loves and deprived of the gayeties of Paris, their little suppers, the theatres, and the balls. They are literally frantic; their only consolation now would be to receive marching orders to fight the enemy. During the month of August the heat has been extreme here. I never experienced the like even in Italy. Now that the atmosphere is cooler it seems like a splendid climate and a charming country. We were on the mainland about eight days ago with the general. I was the only aid-de-camp who accompanied him. We stayed a couple of days and we saw the most beautiful country in the world, well cultivated, charming sites. The people seem in easy circumstances and free from any love of display or ceremony; they are satisfied with a simple style of living, which with us is confined to persons of inferior rank. Their dress is quiet, but of the finest texture, and their manners have not been spoiled by the luxuriousness of Europe. This country is bound to be a prosperous one, should peace be theirs, and if the two parties which divide it now do not reduce it to the state of Poland and so many other republics. These two parties are called the whigs and the tories. The first named is entirely for liberty and independence; it is composed of people of the lowest extraction, who possess nothing in the way of worldly goods. The tories are nearly all country people; they sympathize with England, that is to say, they are for peace at any price, and do not seem to care for either freedom

or liberty. They are of a better class of people in this country, and the only ones, in fact, who seem to have any landed property. Some of these tories have relations or possessions in the mother country, England; others, wishing to keep what they have already acquired in this country, have embraced the British side, as this is the stronger. When the whigs have the mastery they plunder the others as hard as they can. This, of course, keeps up a bitter animosity and hatred between the two sides, which will be with difficulty overcome, and which will be the very hotbed of future troubles.

NEWPORT, 14 *September*, 1780.

I have neither good nor very interesting news to send you. There is, however, one very vexatious bit of information for us, it is the defeat of General Gates by Lord Cornwallis, in South Carolina, on the 16th of August. The American general had imprudently advanced and was repulsed, the half of his troops slain, the other half taken; he alone escaped with an aid-de-camp. We have had no detailed account of this affair. Count Rochambeau received the news by a messenger who arrived here the day before yesterday; he has not made the matter public, he does not even mention it, yet all the town knows of it. An American with whom I spoke this morning told me he had seen a letter written to a member of the council, wherein it was mentioned that the militia under the orders of General Gates had all passed over to the enemy's camp at the very outset of the action. If this be true, what sort of dependence can be placed in such troops? A brave man is to be pitied who has the command of such. This, dear father, is the situation we are in; it is not a cheerful one; it is to be hoped it will change at the arrival of the second division, which we all await with the greatest impatience. Newport's military situation begins to be a very depressing one.

NEWPORT, 16th *October*, 1780.

This is the first opportunity I have had for a long time to write to you. I am in hopes my letter will not only reach you safely, but will be personally handed to you without fear of its being opened and read. A frigate which Monsieur de Rochambeau is sending back to France will carry it to you, as one of the Duke de Lauzun's men is aboard of her; he is to be intrusted with my letter to hand to Count Creutz, to whom I have also written by bearer. An officer is to be sent to France by this frigate to give the government there an account of the true position of our army and that of our dear allies, both bad enough.

It is not at present known who will be intrusted with this delicate mission. Every one seems to think I will get it, as several of the commissioned officers, Monsieur de Chastellux, and Baron Viomesnil have mentioned me as one fully capable of carrying out the instructions of the general in this particular case. I do not know what the result will be, as I will take no step to obtain it, nor will I refuse it should the general offer it to me. I should, however, prefer not to be burdened with such a task, as something interesting might occur here during my absence, and I should be in despair were I away. Our position here is a very disagreeable one. We are vegetating at the very door of the enemy, in a most disastrous state of idleness and inactivity, all of which is attributable to our inferior numbers, which are terribly tired out, being obliged to be always fatiguingly on the defensive. We are of no possible aid to our allies; we cannot leave our island without exposing our fleet to the danger of being captured or destroyed; our fleet cannot leave port without exposing us to the enemy, who with superior forces in the way of men and ships would certainly attack us and cut off our retreat to the mainland. There are still some British armaments of more or less importance which watch us pretty closely, and we dare not attack these, as they have a supply of vessels stationed at Gardiner's Island, some twenty miles to the southwest. We can see that the British fleet is some fifteen to twenty sail strong. As long as we have no superior forces we shall be obliged to remain in our present position unless we determine to send back the fleet and abandon Rhode Island to the English. One result will be the consequence of the other. Instead of helping the Americans we are a drawback to them; we cannot reinforce their army, as we are about a twelve days' march from them, separated by great arms of the sea which are dangerous to cross in winter because of their huge floating blocks of ice. We are in fact a burthen to the allies, because our victualing makes provisions scarce for them. Our paying gold cash down, even, undervalues government paper, as this deprives General Washington's army of the facility of using their paper to purchase provisions—it is refused whenever offered. Our financial is as bad as our military condition. We had brought with us only two hundred and sixty thousand pounds, half in specie and half by letters of credit on Mr. Holcker, a banker in Philadelphia; we ought of course to have brought double that amount. The scarcity of specie here makes us use our ready money continually; the consequence is, it enforces us to the most rigid economy, when we ought to have been lavish and profuse in our expenditures. This ruins our credit. Then, too, the securing of provender for the horses has been terribly mismanaged; it had been

delegated to a contractor, who had himself depended on a sub-contractor. These gentlemen not viewing the question from a military standpoint had simply consulted their own interests, and instead of securing and storing all the provender of the island within a radius of thirty or forty miles, with easy transportation facilities, made us very foolishly consume the nearest provender at hand, leaving the farthest distant for the hard winter months.

God knows how we shall manage to get these! We have been twice out of provender, obliged to buy just enough to last us two days, wherever we could find it. The generals are not in complete harmony; the army is discouraged with their total inactivity. The second division has not yet put in an appearance, and without this we cannot do much, or at least what will amount to something. Monsieur de Rochambeau is sending to France an account of the state of things here; he begs for an increase of troops as well as a fresh supply of money. We await the result of this letter.

About fifteen days ago I went to Hartford (some forty miles from here) with Monsieur de Rochambeau. There were only six of us in the party: the general, the admiral, Viscount Rochambeau (the general's son), a superior officer of the engineering corps, and two aids-de-camp (myself included). An interview was arranged between the generals, Washington and Rochambeau. I was sent on slightly in advance to announce Rochambeau's approach, and thus had an opportunity of studying this most illustrious man of our century (not to say the *only one*). His majestic, handsome countenance is stamped with an honesty and a gentleness which correspond well with his moral qualities. He looks like a hero; he is very cold, speaks little, but is frank and courteous in manner; a tinge of melancholy affects his whole bearing, which is not unbecoming; on the contrary it renders him, if possible, more interesting. His suite outnumbered ours: the Marquis de Lafayette, General Knox of the artillery, Monsieur de Gouvion, a French officer of engineers; and six aids-de-camp; besides an escort of twenty-two dragoons; of course this latter was indispensable, as he had to cross a country bristling with enemies; no post-horses being procurable, the journey had to be taken on horseback with private horses on account of the miserable condition of the roads. In this one instance, however, nearly every one had come in carriages except our own aids-de-camp. It was a three days' journey for us as well as for Washington. Whilst we were journeying we heard of Rodney's arrival in New York. We continued on, however. During our stay in Hartford the two generals and the admiral were closeted together all day; the Marquis de Lafayette assisted as interpreter, as General Washington does not speak

French nor understand it. They separated, quite charmed with one another, at least they said so. It was on leaving Hartford that General Washington discovered Arnold's treachery. He was one of their most heroic generals, had been twice wounded, and had always conducted himself bravely. He had been won over by General Clinton and made to promise to deliver up West Point (where he commanded) into the enemy's hands. Major André, Clinton's first aid-de-camp, had been sent in the disguise of a countryman to examine the fortifications and to make the necessary arrangements for Clinton's mode of attack and Arnold's retreat so as to arouse no suspicion. A frigate had been sent up the Hudson and a sloop was to be stationed at some given point. All had been satisfactorily arranged with Arnold. Major André was setting out for the sloop, which, however, could not be found. The frigate on account of the firing of the West Point guns had slipped two miles below, where she was stationed. Major André, ignorant of this fact, started to go by land to New York, but he was arrested by a small band of farmers who had been formed into a strict patrol corps to secure Washington's safe journey on to Hartford. André showed them his passport signed by Arnold, but they doubting its authenticity, and in spite of all inducements on André's part to bribe them, he was carried to headquarters. In the meantime General Washington arrived at West Point; he had sent on two of his aids-de-camp to the general to announce that he would dine with him and make a personal inspection of the fortifications. The aids found Arnold at breakfast alone with his wife; they were invited to be seated, but scarcely had they taken their places when a messenger arrived and whispered a few words to the general, who arose and hurriedly murmuring to his wife, "Farewell forever!" left the house. The woman fainted; the young officers rushed to her assistance, not knowing what the matter really was; a few moments afterwards General Washington heard of the whole affair by a courier. A search was made for the traitor; it was too late, he had escaped. If the British had succeeded in capturing this point they would have been masters of the Hudson, they would have cut off all communication between our armies or forced us to march considerably out of our way to join them, and Washington camped at Orangetown between West Point and New York would indeed have been caught between two fires and utterly destroyed before we could have reached him with our forces. It would have been, perhaps, the total ruin of America itself, and we would have had the humiliation of landing here merely to witness the complete annihilation of our allies and add to their miserable dependence by the state of demoralization it would have produced; our position then

would have been an extremely perilous one, as the British having then nothing more to fear from the Americans might have turned their forces against us, and we should not have been strong enough to resist them. Fortunately the plot failed. It is rumored that Major André has been hung. It is a great pity! He was only twenty-four years old and full of talent. The general, however, has no positive information about him, but we hope it is a false report.

I have already mentioned to you, dear father, my intimacy with the Duke de Lauzun. Public opinion seems to be pretty evenly divided about him; there are good and evil reports in circulation. The *former*, however, is the truth, and the latter nothing but falsehood; for if the people who so dislike him only knew him *better* they would soon change their opinions about him and could then do justice to his excellent heart. He has taken quite a fancy to me, and proposes in the frankest way imaginable to have me appointed to the rank of brevet colonel in command of his legion, where now there is a vacancy; in fact he hopes to turn it over entirely to me, as in a year's time he retires from active service. His legion consists of one thousand infantry and five hundred mounted hussars, besides a few pieces of artillery. This proposition is too agreeable as well as too advantageous for me to think of hesitating one moment about accepting it, therefore it has a double charm. The Duke de Lauzun has written about this to the queen, who has not only been most gracious to him, but a little kind to me. I have also written to her majesty, and I am in hopes that the frigate which bears an answer to these may bring me likewise my brevet. Lauzun assures me there is no doubt about this.

NEWPORT, 26th October, 1780.

You have already heard of the defeat of General Gates in the south, for I sent you the news. Congress has recalled him to Philadelphia and has given his command to General Greene. He is under suspicion, as he was so intimate with Arnold. It appears that the latter's desertion has had no consequences whatever. All is quiet; two battalions of grenadiers and fusiliers with detachments of other army regiments, numbering some four thousand men, have sailed from New York for the south of the states. A fleet from Cork, Ireland, has landed in New York laden with provisions, which were sorely needed. This fleet brought some four thousand fresh recruits composed partly of British and Hessians. What a terrible thing this war has been for England! She has been obliged to send over even her provisions. This power must have indeed great resources to be able to keep up the struggle as long as she has done.

NEWPORT, 13th November, 1780.

The frigate which carried our letters left here the 28th of last month. On the 27th we sighted a fleet of thirteen men-of-war; the next day, however, we lost all sight of them, and hearing that they were sailing due east, three of our frigates left port; we have not been informed of the destination of the two others, we are totally without news. We believe, however, that Monsieur Ginchim left for Europe.

As I said, the Arnold affair has had no serious consequences except for poor Major André, who has been hung. He was a most promising young fellow, only twenty-four years old, and a friend of General Clinton's. His terrible ending has quite stirred up the army. The two officers deputed by Washington to be his guard of honor to the place of execution had not the heart to accompany him. General Gates, whose defeat you must have read the account of in the *Gazetteer*, was recalled to Philadelphia by congress, and the command of his division given to General Greene, who seems to be liked by the army. It is said that congress suspecting Gates because of his intimacy with Arnold, recalled him for that very reason. The three states, New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts, have just named General Washington dictator with absolute military authority. It is thought the other ten states will do likewise. This resolution has infused fresh vigor and nerve into the campaign; it will considerably change the status of things by arousing the slow indolence of these Americans. Fourteen Spanish and nine French vessels have just captured a convoy off Madeira; it consisted of fifty sail from India and the isles richly freighted. The war is not any more active than it was. A small victory which the Americans obtained over the British is the latest news, but as it is not confirmed I do not credit it. Six thousand troops, nearly all grenadiers and fusiliers, have left New York; three thousand of these have already landed at Chesapeake bay. It is said General Clinton is to leave with the remainder; surely it must be to make an expedition in the south? To capture perhaps North Carolina and Virginia, or else to commit as many depredations as possible. They will meet with small resistance there on the part of the American forces, which are only four thousand strong in all, and some militia which cannot be depended on. Unfortunately the term of service of these very same four thousand men expires in January, so that the army will be reduced then to nothing. General Washington cannot leave the position he now occupies without exposing the whole course of the Hudson and adjacent country to the attack of the enemy, and we, by lacking sufficient means, cannot leave our island where we are shut up like an oyster in its shell. The

British, therefore, will have unrestricted liberty to act as they please in the south. They have garrisoned Charleston with about six thousand men with which they can reinforce their army, and besides all this, half of the country people sympathize with them. They have a beautiful position, and they know it and profit by it, whilst ours will be simply a despairing one if it does not change soon.

Rochambeau has just sent the legion of De Lauzun some twenty-nine leagues inland on a foraging expedition, as there was no hay or grain for the cattle. The Duke de Lauzun still treats me with the same kind of friendliness. He frequently mentions my advancement and how pleased he would be to further it by placing me in full command, for all of which he will accept no remuneration whatever. He said once when I mentioned something of the kind, "I have sometimes bought men but I never sell them. I would in fact gladly pay a man who would take as good charge of my command (whom I love as my children) as you will." This of course shows how kindly disposed the man is. The hope of being put promptly in possession elates me.

NEWPORT, 7th *December*, 1780.

You see, my dear father, we are still in Newport; we do not even think of stirring, as we are in quiet possession of our winter quarters. Washington's army has just gone into theirs about a fortnight ago. Admiral Rodney has returned to the West Indies with his ten vessels. Arbuthnot is here with seven sail and three or four frigates besides. Affairs in the south are doing well. Colonel Ferguson has been defeated by the Americans, his division of some fourteen hundred men have nearly all been destroyed. This has forced Lord Cornwallis, who commands the British forces in that section of country, to withdraw to Charleston with his corps of four thousand, the half of whom had died from disease and over fatigue. The English had sent Brigadier Leslie with a corps of twenty-five hundred from New York to join Cornwallis. By an intercepted letter which Leslie wrote to Cornwallis we learned since that Leslie landed with his troops at Portsmouth, Virginia, where he was awaiting orders to form a junction. To all appearances now it will not take place, owing to Cornwallis's withdrawal to Charleston. There is even question of Leslie's return to New York. Before retiring to winter quarters Washington made an attempt on Staten Island. He, desirous of attracting the British attention in another quarter, made a feint of foraging at Kingsbridge, but they were not taken in by this strategy, as they doubly reinforced their position on the island; he

had therefore to abandon the project. Rochambeau has just made a little six days' trip on the mainland. I was of the party, but we saw neither a fine country nor a good population; they are all lazy and greedy. With two such amiable vices, how can any warlike material be made of them?

NEWPORT, 9th of *January*, 1781.

As regards our military situation, there is absolutely nothing new, dear father; it seems as if we were irrevocably doomed to be on the defensive, as it is very hard to say which side will first begin the approaching campaign. This probably will depend on the arrival of fresh troops from Europe. The side which receives theirs first will of course (as it seems to me) profit by superior numbers to make an attack on the other. Should the forces which France destines for us arrive, we shall, for a time at least, have some superiority on the sea. That is the only way to operate and put an end to a war that is as wearisome as it is ruinous. Although we are not masters upon the sea, we can at least prevent the English from making any further inroads into the country; we cannot, however, force them to leave the coast. Their commerce, too, is in a flourishing condition and they are by these very means furnished the wherewithal for subsistence, which otherwise they would be deprived of. As long as they hold Quebec, Halifax, New York, Charleston, and Jamaica, they necessarily will not make a peace, which must be the outcome of the ruin of their commercial condition, and the seizure of one or two of these ports. The failure to capture Jamaica this year will be an opportunity; I fear one which will never occur again. The reinforcements promised us from France consist I think of eight men-of-war. There is one of one hundred and ten guns, three of eighty, three of seventy-four, and one of sixty-four. We do not know the number of troops. We received this piece of information by a ship which arrived in Boston some fifteen days ago. She was from Nantes, having made the passage in thirty-eight days. Our government has neglected us shamefully, for since our arrival here we have had no letters whatever.

The campaign in the south is carried on more actively than our northern one. I have already told you, dear father, that the troops under Lord Cornwallis there gained no inconsiderable victory over General Gates last September. A short time afterwards the British advance guard, consisting of some fourteen hundred men under Colonel Ferguson, marched rather imprudently into the country and were surrounded by the militia, some three thousand strong, and entirely routed. This mishap

joined to sickness, which began to weaken the British army, obliged Lord Cornwallis to retire to Camden. About that time General Clinton sent twenty-five hundred men to join Cornwallis's forces; they landed at Portsmouth, Virginia, but the retreat to Camden prevented the junction, and they had to reembark and have sailed for Cape Fear it is said. The report is that Cornwallis is surrounded at Camden, his troops are suffering from hunger and disease; they have been compelled to eat their horses. The truth of this rumor, however, has not been confirmed. The news of the embarkation of twenty-five hundred men from the port of New York for the south is more likely to be true. These troops are destined to join Ferguson's at Cape Fear, and they are ultimately to march to Cornwallis's rescue at Camden should he be surrounded, and begin campaign operations with him. Should this junction take place the south is irrevocably lost, as the Americans have no army there whatever. The forces they counted on were destroyed by General Gates and the scattered remnants are destitute of clothes, of shoes, and of arms. To be sure there is the militia, which is only called out when danger threatens, but which runs away when the enemy appears; how will it act when compelled to face the well-drilled and well-seasoned troops of the British?

That is the state of affairs in the south. Ours is not much better; we are forced to be the idle spectators of the loss of a section of the country and cannot raise a finger to help them. I have traveled but little in this country. Several of our army officers are now absent on a trip; all they have seen and all the mistakes they may commit will be a guide for me. I shall await the month of March. The different American states have passed a resolution to raise a standing army of twenty thousand men for three years. The appointment has been made and public interest again has been thoroughly aroused. They hope to have all their recruits in by the 1st of March. I sincerely *trust* they may succeed, but I am not *sure* of it. Some of these recruits have been engaged for three years, others only for the duration of the war, but none of them will serve for love; it is only by dint of offering high pay that the different regiments have been filled at all. Money is scarce; in fact there is none. The taxes do not suffice; there is no credit, no resources, it seems to me. This is the time or never to be of some service to them and repair our inactive and useless campaign by furnishing them with all the means and the clothing they may need. Should, however, our reinforcements from France fail to come we may be ourselves in *want* and reduced to the humiliating expedient of paying our army in paper money. You see, dear father, by these expla-

nations you have a truthful statement of the whole question, and how difficult it is to raise an army which can only be kept on a standing footing by money. Besides all this the spirit of patriotism is only to be found amongst the military chiefs and the principal men of the country, who do make great sacrifices; the bulk of the population, however, only look out for their own interests. Money is the prime motor of all their actions; their only thought is how to make it. Every one for himself, no one for the public good. The inhabitants of the coast and the stanchest whigs carry provisions of all kinds to the British fleet anchored in Gardiner's Bay, and they get well paid for their pains; they swindle us unmercifully; everything is exorbitantly high, and whenever they have any business dealings with us they generally treat us more like foes than friends. Their cupidity is unequalled, for money is their god; virtue and honor hold no place beside the precious metal. There are, of course, estimable people among them, people noted for their noble, generous natures—fortunately there are many such—but I am speaking of the country as a whole. I believe there is more of the Dutch than of the English element among them. This, dear father, is my opinion of this country, its inhabitants, and its war, and this opinion is corroborated by all intelligent-minded persons—persons who are better able to judge the situation than I can. With troops, with ships, and plenty of money, all this could be remedied; but should this latter not be sent forthwith to help us in our needs and enable us to succor our allies, then nothing can be done, and the ministry of France will have capped the climax with its stupidity. We have just received most disastrous news; the Pennsylvania troops, numbering some twenty-five hundred men and recruited in the state of Pennsylvania, have passed over to the enemy. They were, it is true, thoroughly demoralized, being destitute of clothes and shoes, then starved for nearly four days. There is an amended report to this, that they repenting of their desperate act returned to camp and sent six of their sergeants to treat with congress the conditions under which they return to duty. This last bit of news has not been confirmed. This desertion has set a most disastrous example; it proves, furthermore, how much reliance can be placed in such material. We have had nothing recent from the south, so that we are ignorant as to what may be taking place there.

NEWPORT, 14th of *January*, 1781.

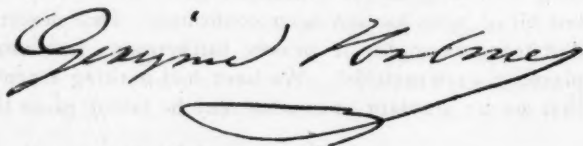
We have just received the detailed account of two little engagements in the south wherein the Americans were victorious. There were only two small British detachments repulsed. I am glad to report that the

Pennsylvanians did not pass over to the enemy; they have taken up a strong position at Morristown. Everything is carried on with the greatest order; there are no officers but sergeants in command. These are perfectly well fitted for the post; they send out foraging parties to gather in whatever they may need, and give receipts which they promise congress will redeem. General Clinton, it appears, sent them a letter by two of his spies, in which he promised them fourteen months' back pay (which had been owing them), a bounty besides, new clothes, and then the regular pay of the British troops. He assured them that he would form them into a corps apart, and that they would always be led by their own officers, to whom likewise he promised advancement and higher pay. Notwithstanding all these allurements the Pennsylvanians arrested the spies and hung them. Congress has sent three of its members to treat with them; they on their side have named six of their sergeants to represent them.

They demand fourteen months of back pay, new clothing and provisions for the future. All this will certainly be acceded to, but the difficulty will be to find ready money, as it is next to impossible. I should think we ought to now step in and furnish them with the requisite cash and give them whatever they might need besides for suppressing this rebellion. But we are powerless, and without the prompt assistance of France we ourselves will not have the wherewithal to pay our own troops.

A slight coolness has sprung up between Rochambeau and Washington; the latter considers himself the aggrieved party and our general has not the slightest idea what the reason may be. He has charged me with a letter to him, as well as to gather information regarding the cause of discontent. I am to patch up matters peacefully if I can, or if the case be a serious one to report immediately. You see, dear father, I am to act the part of *mediator*. It will be my first attempt in that rôle; I only trust I may succeed.

(Translated from the French by)

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Guyon Holmes". The signature is written in dark ink and is quite fluid, with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

(To be continued.)

THE ORIGINAL TREASURY ACCOUNTING OFFICE

When the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson reached its final stage, the senate first voted on the eleventh or last article, but did not continue in reverse order; it next took up the first article. The *Magazine of American History* follows the illustrious precedent: having recently published a sketch of the sixth auditor's office of the United States treasury, it now treats of the first.

When President Washington was inaugurated the government may be said to have consisted of a president, a congress, and a constitution. Though departments and courts were provided for, none had yet been created: it remained for the first congress to project and set them in operation. Naturally the first department to be considered was that of state, so that our new government would have some authorized agent to carry on business with other nations. This was accomplished July 27, 1789. Only two other departments were established by the first congress—that of war, August 7, and that of the treasury, September 2, 1789. An attorney-general was provided for on September 24 of the same year, but he was not placed at the head of a department until the creation of the department of justice, June 22, 1790, occupying in the meantime a position akin to that of a planet without any satellites. He was always a member of the cabinet, which may be mentioned as an undefinable body, unknown to the Constitution or statutes; but, like the common law, a creature of the tradition or history of republics and limited monarchies. The remaining four departments were respectively established or erected as follows: The post-office, May 8, 1794; the navy, April 30, 1798; the interior, March 3, 1849; and agriculture in a minor form, with a commissioner at the head, May 15, 1862; then made a full-fledged department, in charge of a secretary, February 9, 1889. These are all mentioned because the first auditor's office has more or less jurisdiction over the accounts of all of the departments.

The first secretary of the treasury, Alexander Hamilton, is accredited with the authorship of the act creating the department. Like any other financial institution it was necessary to have one or more accounting officers. This act provided for two, an auditor and a comptroller of the treasury, their powers being not separate and distinct, but concurrent; or, rather, what would in law be known as original and appellate, with this

difference: that action of both officers was essential in all cases. An auditor is technically defined as one authorized to adjust accounts. This is not strictly true of the first auditor of the treasury, nor in fact of any but the sixth auditor; on the contrary, he is only given power to receive and examine accounts, and certify the balances, and transmit the same with the vouchers and certificates to the first comptroller for his decision therein. Thus the auditor's position resembles that of a master in chancery as referee, who reports an account to the court for action; or, to use a homelier illustration, that of the well-satisfied hod-carrier, who boasted that he got paid for carrying bricks to the top of a house, while a man up there did all the work. The work of the auditor, like that of the carrier, is as laborious as that of the workman who finishes the task.

There was originally but one auditor, who examined all accounts except those of the state and war departments; these were examined and settled by accountants in the respective departments. Similar accountants officiated in the post-office and navy departments after their establishment, until March 3, 1817, when congress concluded to have the whole system of accounts under the control of the treasury, therefore abolished the office of accountant, and substituted auditors in their stead.

The original auditor, by this act, was given the title of first auditor, and the others followed in numerical succession. The first auditor had general jurisdiction, the others limited; briefly stated, the second and third act on accounts arising in the war department, the fourth in the navy, the fifth in the state, the sixth in the postal service, leaving to the first all accounts not specifically enumerated. Detachments from the first and annexation to some one of the others have been made from time to time, until, at the adoption of the revised statutes seventeen years ago, the duties of the first auditor were declared to relate to "all accounts accruing in the treasury department; all accounts relating to the receipts from customs, including accounts of collectors and other officers of the customs; all accounts accruing on account of salaries in the patent-office; all accounts of the judges, marshals, clerks, and other officers of all the courts of the United States; all accounts of the officer in charge of the public buildings and grounds in the District of Columbia; all accounts of the expenditures of the department of agriculture; all accounts relating to prisoners convicted in any court of the United States."

The first class in this enumeration is very extensive. In addition to the accounts arising strictly in the treasury department, a liberal and uniform construction has been given that it includes legislative expenses, salaries of departmental officers generally, whether in the treasury or out

of it. Thus the accounts for salaries of the departmental force in the war department are audited by the first auditor, those for the army and for public improvements of rivers, etc., by the second and third auditors; the distinction being that the expenses of the civil list are construed to arise in the treasury department, those of the military in the war department. In like manner the distinction has been drawn between the civil and naval list, the home and foreign list in the state department, and the departmental and postal service. The system of settling claim accounts has always been two-fold, either by advancement to a bonded disbursing officer or by payment to a claimant direct.

In the first case, let us take for example the disbursing clerk of the treasury. The congress makes an appropriation say for four hundred thousand dollars for salaries in the office of the secretary; that is, so much for the secretary, so much for assistant secretaries, so much for chiefs of division and clerks and other employees, specifying the number and salary of each class. The fiscal year begins on the first day of July. Along towards the middle of the month—for the departments pay their employees semi-monthly—the disbursing clerk will ask the secretary for a requisition for thirty-three thousand dollars. This is issued on the treasurer, who pays the money to the disbursing clerk; at the end of three months the disbursing clerk makes out an account current, charging himself with the moneys advanced, and crediting himself with the signed monthly pay-rolls. This quarterly account is sent to the first auditor, and one of his clerks takes it up, and sends to the register of the treasury for a statement showing the state of the disbursing clerk's account under that particular appropriation. For the first quarter the register's books show only the advancements; afterwards they will show also the balance either way on the previous quarter. The auditor's clerk compares the disbursing clerk's statement of money received with the register's certificate; these usually agree, but if they do not the register's statement is for the present accepted, and the disbursing clerk is afterwards to explain the discrepancy. Next, the auditing clerk turns to the disbursements, sees that the pay-rolls are all signed by the proper person, and approved by the chief of the appointment division; that no more than the legal number of the employees of each class are paid; and that the calculations as to the number of days and the amount of pay are correct. Then an auditor's certificate is made out, and if the balance due to or from the disbursing clerk differs from his own statement, a statement of differences is also made out, showing how or wherein the auditor's calculation differs from that of the disbursing officer. The clerk puts his initials on this

certificate and passes it to the chief of division, who initials it if he approves it and the auditor signs on the faith of these two initials.

Unless some new and important question arises the auditor never sees anything but the certificate; and when he signs it with the opening words, "I certify that I have examined an account between the United States and John Smith, and find," etc., he is indulging in a legal fiction, in which there is no more truth than the indorsement on every congressional bill: "Read twice and referred to the committee," or in the daily statements of attendance at professional ball games.

The appropriations for salaries have for many years been kept separate for each bureau in the treasury and for each item of contingent expenses, so that quarterly there comes to the first auditor from eighty to one hundred accounts of these two characters alone. Then for the public buildings, always in course of construction, there is a separate account for a disbursing officer for each building, who draws money by requisition as may be needed, and pays bills approved by the supervising architect.

When a United States marshal wants to draw money, say to pay witnesses, he writes to the attorney-general who makes a requisition for the amount; this is sent to the first auditor who indorses on it the amount of vouchers on hand in his office and sends it to the register, who certifies what balance, if any, the marshal appears to owe according to his books, and sends the requisition to the first comptroller who deducts the vouchers from the balance due from the marshal, and approves any advance that will not overreach the marshal's bond of \$20,000. Then the marshal pays out to the witnesses whatever amount the court directs, and forwards an account current and receipted pay-roll with the court's approval, and an account is stated by the auditor as in case of a disbursing clerk; only it is under appropriation for fees of witnesses in the United States courts. If the marshal has drawn too much money he deposits the amount to pay back with some recognized depository, and it is turned into the treasury on the secretary's warrant.

In case of payment to a claimant direct take, for example, the case of a United States commissioner: he presents his account to the court by which it is approved and sent to the first auditor, one of whose clerks takes it up, examines it, sees that the charges are all legal and authorized, or if not strikes out the improper ones and prepares a certificate and statement of differences in the manner before stated. After the first comptroller approves or alters this certificate it is copied and sent to the attorney-general, who makes a requisition for the amount found due, sends it back to the treasury, and the secretary issues his warrant, and the treas-

urer sends a draft to the claimant. No debit and credit account is kept with any but disbursing officers.

Besides the claim accounts there are the receipt accounts of the customs officers, amounting last year to \$254,694,204.97 (the internal revenue being audited by the fifth auditor); and the treasurer's accounts for moneys received, \$647,002,990.13; and receipts in mints and assay offices, \$106,741,654.09; and other minor receipts. These, with the treasurer's disbursements on public debts and payments out of other appropriations, made the grand total of accounts examined and audited run up to the following figures for 1889:

2,761 receipt accounts, amounting to	\$1,019,684,429.60
31,867 disbursement accounts, amounting to	1,165,879,638.80
Total accounts, 34,628, amounting to	\$2,185,564,068.40

It is hardly worth while to go back a century for statistics showing the continuous growth of business in this office; it would be wearying if not confusing to the reader. It may be stated, however, that for the fiscal year 1861 the total accounts were 9,205, involving \$241,893,457.28—the thirty years showing that the accounts have increased three-fold in number and eight-fold in monetary value. All this has been accomplished by from time to time improving the system in use, with an increase of only twenty-five per cent. in the office force, which at present numbers only sixty-three from the auditor down to the laborers.

The auditor's certificates, as has been stated, are sent to the first comptroller, with all the papers for his decision except in customs cases, when they are sent to the commissioner of customs, an officer authorized by act of March 3, 1849, in order to relieve the comptroller to the extent that the name indicates. There is a second comptroller, who revises the accounts of the second, third, and fourth auditors, and the commissioner of customs has sometimes been called the third comptroller.

While the action of the auditor must always be revised, it is the theory of the law that his office must be as vigilant and painstaking as though no one was to follow after, and that the first comptroller and commissioner of customs are only to correct the auditor's errors and oversights. It is but just to say that the auditor has always endeavored to live up to that theory, and that the differences sometimes arising between the offices spring from differences of opinion on legal questions rather than from hasty and negligent work.

Probably no civil office under the government has been less susceptible

to political influence. In the century of its existence there have been but twelve incumbents of the office :

APPOINTED.

Oliver Wolcott, Jr., Connecticut.....	September 12, 1789.
William Smith, Maryland.....	July 16, 1791.
Richard Harrison, Virginia.....	November 29, 1791.
Jesse Miller, Pennsylvania.....	November, 1, 1836.
Tully R. Wise, Virginia.....	June 17, 1842.
William Collins, Virginia.....	July 24, 1849.
John C. Clark, New York.....	August 2, 1849.
Thomas L. Smith, Virginia.....	October 31, 1849.
David W. Mahen, Pennsylvania.....	December 19, 1871.
Robert M. Reynolds, Alabama.....	April 16, 1878.
James Q. Chenoweth, Texas.....	May, 1, 1885.
George P. Fisher, Delaware.....	June 5, 1889.

Omitting the brief terms of William Smith and Clark, and of the present incumbent, we have in a century only nine auditors, showing an average term of over eleven years, equal to that of the chief-justices.

Two Virginians, Richard Harrison, a kinsman of the President, and Thomas L. Smith, held this office for two-thirds of the time: the former occupying it forty-five years, under every president from Washington to and including Jackson; and the latter for twenty-two years, or from Taylor to Grant. When auditor Smith died, so little was politics considered that his successor Mr. Mahen, although a democrat, was promoted by President Grant from the chief clerkship to the vacant place. Up to this date it seemed to have been the policy of the government to treat this office as a judgeship, and give its incumbents practically a life tenure, filling a vacancy by promotion. On Mr. Mahen's retirement in 1878 the trail of the political serpent first came over the office. A republican from Alabama was brought in "from the outside." He was relieved by a democrat in 1885, and he in turn by a republican in 1889.

The application of the civil service law to the lower grades in the departments seems to have resulted in the withdrawal of its principles from the making of appointments to the higher. Not only the auditors but other like and even lesser officers, whose official duties have no more to do with politics than the man in the moon, are regarded as the legitimate, and seemingly the necessary, prey of each succeeding administration, and are officially "strangled as remorselessly as a sightless kitten."

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Quin B. Hallam

ISAAC JOGUES, A. D. 1636

I

At the convent window sat and dreamed

Isaac Jogues.

Though his garb was black, and his dark eye beamed
With the ardor of youth, yet like Gabriel seemed

Isaac Jogues.

Slight was his figure, and fair his face,
And small his hand in its frills of lace,
And he bore himself with a courtly grace.

Born for a palace, forsooth, was he ;
For a life, wherein no care might be,
Of dalliance, sloth, and luxury.

Before him, touched with the moon's soft gold,
Lay Paris, city of joys untold,
But vile as Babylon of old.

And he thought if sin were no longer there
It would be like the city of vision, fair
And glorious beyond compare.

Over the Seine which beneath his eye
He saw like a crozier of silver lie,
Came dulcet sounds of revelry,

And music and voices passing sweet,
Touching his blood with a subtle heat,
And quickening his pulses' beat.

But he crossed himself and turned away,
And that sin no longer the world might sway,
Would unto Jesus and Mary pray.

Till far away a slender light
He saw, like a star across the night,
In the nunnery window shining bright,

Where prostrate at the altar lay
A nun, and ceaselessly would pray
For the Huron mission till dawn of day.

And the thought like lightning ran through his brain,
That he would give his life to gain
Some Huron souls from sin and pain.

"Sure life the measure of pain should be,
And life is a thing full brief," said he,
"While after cometh eternity.

As into the darkness sank last night's sun,
So souls to ruin sink one by one,
While nought to save them by me is done.

Ah, Lady blessed, no more, I pray,
Grant me a moment to dream away !
But waft, oh, waft me speedily
To the Huron mission across the sea !"

II

As one who sees a lover die,
So Père Jogues
From a ship's deck saw, with straining eye,
The shores of France fade on the sky—
Sad Père Jogues.

And he knew that the nun so slim and straight,
With a face like Mary's, who, through the grate,
He had often seen at the nunnery gate,

Even then before the altar lay,
And unto Christ through tears would pray
To guide him safely upon his way.

And, though sick of body and heart and brain,
He prayed that his mission might not be in vain,
And night and day he drew with pain

The cabin's stifling atmosphere,
And heard with over weary ear
The shameless jest and senseless jeer.

And days and nights went slowly past,
Until the heights, obscure and vast,
Of young Quebec he saw at last—

Saw o'er the purple billows rise
For him the gate of sacrifice,
O'erarched with morning's pearly skies.

So up the heights with joy he went
With the brothers thither before him sent,
And at their rude, rough altar bent.

* * * *

Low sighed the winds the pine-woods through,
As leagues on leagues, in a birch canoe,
He stemmed the river broad and blue.

From the river's brink the caribou
Stared at the boats with their savage crew,
Then vanished shadow-like from view.

And the buffalo shook his blinding mane
From his blood-red eyes, and swept amain,
Like a thunder-storm, across the plain.

Through wildering wood, by lake and stream,
From morn's first flush to eve's last gleam,
He went, as through a dolorous dream,

Till, on a dull November day,
Through shivering swamps of birches gray,
Tracing a dim, uncertain way,

The forest opened, and in the west
He saw the smoke of wigwams crest
A naked hill which hid, he knew,
The Mohawk village he sought from view.

III

Faithfully through the Indian town

Good Père Jogues

Day by day went up and down,

In his broad-brimmed hat and sable gown—

Meek Père Jogues.

And he told of Christ and his work of grace,
And the death he died for a fallen race ;
But he sowed, alas, in a stony place ;

For his message of love they coldly met,
And scowled with hate when his foot was set
In the gloom of their wretched homes ; and yet

He smiled upon them ; and though within
His heart was heavy, he strove to win
Their souls from the dreary ways of sin.

And what he suffered these souls to gain
He only knows who with love is fain
To sound the measureless depths of pain.

With Famine's fearful form he grew
Familiar. Ay ! no fear he knew,
Scanning her face of bloodless hue.

In wintry wilds his feeble feet
Sometimes with wandering hunters beat
A weary way through snow and sleet.

And they, whate'er their ills might be—
Sickness or want—affirmed that he,
The black-robed, brought it over sea.

And he would mark with sad surprise,
Greeting them ever loving wise,
The gleam of hate in their cruel eyes.

Seeking his wretched wigwam, oft
He heard behind a footstep soft,
And saw the tomahawk flash aloft.

Still, some strange power the stroke would stay,
And he would live to toil and pray
For his fierce foes ; but one drear day

They tortured and maimed him cruelly,
Yet slew him not, o'erjoyed to see
The black-robed suffer patiently.

They slew him not, forsooth ; ah, no !
The death on him they would bestow
Should be more bitter, sure, and slow.

But while they paused, a vessel manned
With Dutch folk, a rude trading band,
Came like a ghost to that strange land ;

And he, with what poor life remained,
One night through darkness crawled and gained
Its friendly shelter, there to find
The liberty for which he pined.

IV

Up the convent road, on a winter morn,
Walked Père Jogues,
With a feeble gait and an air forlorn,
In the tattered garb of a beggar born—
Brave Père Jogues.

The mass-bell swung on the frosty air,
And the bishop was donning his vestments fair,
When the verger came up the marble stair,

Saying a feeble man, who wore
The weeds of a beggar, was at the door,
Who news from the Huron mission bore.

And ere the bell had ceased to beat,
Père Jogues again, his joy complete,
Was kneeling at the bishop's feet.

But the bishop looked with a kindly air
On his pallid face and snowy hair,
And asked as a stranger the news he bare.

Tears from the eyes of Père Jogues fell,
As he strove his story of pain to tell
To one who had known him so long and well.

Yet, when his dolorous tale was told
The monks of Rennes, both young and old,
Heaped honors on him manifold.

They nursed him until life might be
A thing once more to love, then he
To Paris went triumphantly.

Round the half-martyred hero, proud
To catch his glance amid the crowd,
Obsequious courtiers lowly bowed.

His fingerless hands the dainty queen
Kissed with a daughter's loving mien,
Weeping his benisons between.

But to this humble soul such show
Of reverence was unblest ; and so
To his old convent would he go,

And on the Seine look out once more—
Look as when youth on eves of yore
Held even for him some joys in store.

There still like a crozier of silver lay
The silent Seine, and far away
The ancient nunnery's turrets gray.

And he looked and looked for the well-known light
Which the sweet-faced nun kept ever bright
While she prayed for his mission day and night.

But he looked in vain ; no light was there,
No longer the fair nun knelt in prayer,
For she lay dead in her chamber bare.

On the morrow he looked on her marble face,
Her small hands folded in maiden grace,
And saw her laid in her resting place.

And he thought of the mission across the sea
She had loved so well, and so faithfully
Had prayed for, and he said : " For me

The way is open, the path is plain,
And I must tread it in spite of pain,
Of peril, and death, which to me is gain."

And so one morning, when to and fro
The willows swung and the winds sobbed low
Round the convent walls, he was ready to go.

But before he went he would stand once more
By the little mound and the cross it bore,
And pray for her on the heavenly shore,

As she prayed for him when alone with God
The terrible Huron wilds he trod ;
So down he knelt on the dank green sod,

And prayed heart full till the morn was spent,
Then rose to go, with head low bent,
Murmuring as down the path he went :

"Oh ! would that I might be so blest
As within this hallowed ground to rest,
With those on earth beloved the best !"

* * * *

In fitful gusts the chill winds blew,
And it seemed to him that a voice he knew
Sighed through the churchyard, "Adieu ! Adieu !"

He crossed the sea, he stemmed the flood ;
Again he traversed the dismal wood,
And again in the Mohawk village stood,

And met the scowl of hate again
With loving service, yet all in vain ;
His love met ever but fierce disdain.

And once, as he entered his lodge, a blow,
Aimed in the dark by a hidden foe,
Fell suddenly and laid him low.

Cast forth, his poor dishonored clay,
The sport of elements, the prey
Of prowling things, unburied lay,

Finding no nook for rest ; no place
For human sympathy to grace,
To which even thought a path may trace.

Nor may we find, with curious eye,
Where even the faithful nun may lie,
Though still the winds persistent sigh

About the nunnery's turrets gray ;
Sigh midst the churchyard's drear decay
Of willow, brier, and matted yew ;
Sigh as of old, " Adieu ! Adieu ! "

James P. Baxter.

PORTLAND, MAINE.

MINOR TOPICS

THE UNITED STATES FLAG

Editor of Magazine of American History:

In the "Notes" of your December issue is a brief account of how the Union prisoners of war at Macon, Georgia, "Rallied around the Flag" on the 4th of July, 1864. The sketch is true. Captain Harry H. Todd of the Eighth New Jersey volunteers, and myself were "chums." After the sixteen hundred officers who were prisoners in the pen at Macon had finished their morning repast, they got together near the old fair building, and Adjutant Lombard of an Illinois cavalry regiment, one of the best singers I ever heard, started the "Star Spangled Banner." Such a chorus as followed the adjutant's effort, I had never before, and never since, heard. The confederates who manned the stockade, standing in the broiling sun, at first manifested no concern, but when some wag sung out that a "break" would be made before night the commandant called out his entire force, a portion following him into the enclosure, when he insisted that there should be no more singing or speaking. For a few moments there was commotion and some angry thoughts. If we cannot "sing or speak, we can pray," said Chaplain Dixon of Connecticut, and down upon his knees he fell, most of the officers following him in the attitude. He prayed long and loud, and occasionally with a tinge of bitterness toward those who had cruelly deprived him and us of God-given privileges. Captain Todd still has the tiny flag he waved in the Macon prison-yard, and when I met him in San Francisco in 1886, he showed it to me in a good state of preservation. Perhaps it may not be uninteresting for me to state that Captain Todd and myself, with two companions, Captains Alfred Grant and J. E. Lewis, made our escape from the confederates near Charleston, South Carolina, in the following October, and after a weary tramp for forty-nine days, and suffering more than pen can describe, reached the Union lines at Knoxville, Tennessee.

J. MADISON DRAKE, 9TH NEW JERSEY VET. VOLS.

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY, December 3, 1890.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN 1740

Editor of Magazine of American History:

There has been so much talk about capital punishment of late that perhaps a comparison with "ye olden times" might be interesting. I enclose you a copy of an old constable's bill, the original of which is in my possession.

"The Publick D^r to David Davis & Sam^l Edgar Constables for y^e punishing y^e negroes concerned in y^e entended Insurrection in St Jn^{es} Parish Berkley County as follows.

Hanging	5 negroes	25
Cutting off y ^e years of	21 do	21
Branding of	31 do	31
Whipping of	46 do	£46
		<hr/>
		£123

The above acc^t Certified p^r me

J. Colleton.

Jan^y 29, 1740 "

It did not cost very much to hang a negro in 1740.

Very truly yours,

BAUMAN L. BELDEN

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

THE FAR WEST IN 1832

George Catlin in describing his western travels in 1832 says: "Notwithstanding all that has been written and said, there is scarcely any subject on which the knowing people of the East are less informed than on the character of the West. By this I mean the 'Far West,' the country whose fascinations spread a charm over the mind, almost dangerous to civilized pursuits. Few people even know the true definition of the term 'West,' and where its location. Phantom-like it flies before us as we travel on our way and is continually gilded before us as we approach the setting sun. In the commencement of my tour several of my traveling companions from the city of New York found themselves at a frightful distance to the West when we arrived at Niagara Falls, and hastened home to amuse their friends with what they had seen. At Buffalo a vessel was landing with four hundred passengers, and twelve days out. 'Where from?' 'From the West.' In the beautiful city of Cincinnati people said to me, 'Our town has passed the days of its most rapid growth, it is not far enough West!' In St. Louis my landlady assured me that I would be pleased with her boarders, for they were nearly all merchants from the West. I asked, 'Whence come those steamboats laden with pork, honey, hides, etc.?' The answer was, 'From the West!'"

NOTES

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH—In his new work *Thomas Jefferson's Views on Public Education*, Mr. Henderson says: "It was a happy moment in the life of Professor Morse when in 1859, to an assembly in the University of New York—at which were present the Prince of Wales, who was visiting the United States, and the Duke of Newcastle—he made an address in the course of which he thus spoke: 'The infant telegraph, born and nursed within these walls, had scarcely attained a feeble existence, ere it essayed to make its voice heard on the other side of the Atlantic. I carried it to Paris in 1838. It attracted the warm interest not only of the continental philosophers, but also of the intelligent and appreciative among the eminent nobles of Britain, then on a visit to the French capital. Foremost among these was the late Marquis of Northampton, then president of the Royal Society, the late distinguished Earl of Elgin, and in a marked degree the noble Earl of Lincoln.'"

MRS. SIGOURNEY'S BIRTHPLACE—A tradition exists in the northern part of the old township of Lyme, Connecticut (eight miles above the village of that name) that Mrs. Sigourney was born there, in a house the locality of which is pointed out, but which was long ago torn down. A very old lady repeats the tradition, and says that Mrs. Sigourney was adopted early in life and taken to Norwich by a family named Lathrop. In Miss Caulkins's *History of Norwich*, it is said that "Ezekiel Huntley and

Zerviah Wentworth, both of Norwich, were married November 28, 1790. Lydia, their daughter and only child, was born September 1, 1791, while her parents were living under the same roof with Madam Lathrop," by whom she was adopted. "She was married to Charles Sigourney of Hartford, June 16, 1819." On examining the book, we find that a Wentworth family lived in Norwich, but there is no mention of any persons of the name of Huntley except Ezekiel Huntley and his daughter Lydia. There were Huntleys among the early settlers of Lyme, and there are still families of the name in different parts of the town. In the Lyme town records there is found the marriage of Ezekiel Huntley to Ruth Miner in 1803. If this record refers to the father of Mrs. Sigourney, it was his second marriage.

This tradition was repeated to Judge Charles J. McCurdy, now nearly ninety-three years of age, with his mind and memory unimpaired. He said at once that "he had always heard that Mrs. Sigourney's father was a Lyme man—one of the Lyme Huntleys." There seems, therefore, no reason to doubt that Mrs. Sigourney's father was born in Lyme, and that his home was in the old house, afterward destroyed. It is probable that his daughter lived there at some time in her life, as in her memory of the neighbors the name is associated with the house.

Many distinguished men, governors, judges, lawyers, merchants, soldiers, and others, and many eminent women, including an Italian princess of high posi-

tion, a British peeress and a countess, and wives of many men of distinction, have been of Lyme birth or descent, but in the proud old town it has not been generally known that it had produced a poetess.

The lack of this knowledge is easily explained when it is understood that Mrs. Sigourney was born a hundred years ago, and that her father lived in so remote a part of the town. EXETER

NEW JERSEY BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS—
The secretary of the New Jersey His-

torical Society, Mr. William R. Weeks, 750 Broad street, Newark, New Jersey, is preparing a historical bibliography of the state of New Jersey. He desires all the assistance he can obtain in the way of titles and collation of subject-matter of pamphlets, books, and manuscripts printed in or relating to the state which he has chosen as his theme. When possible, he desires to purchase such material for his own library, and any of those who may possess and desire to dispose of matter of this character he will be glad to hear from.

QUERIES

WHITTIER'S POEM—Will some one tell me who was the Pennsylvania "Pilgrim" of Whittier's poem?

WASHINGTON MERRIWEATHER
BALTIMORE, MD.

AMERIGO VESPUCCI—The statement that Vespucci made a voyage to Pavia in 1497, and a second voyage in 1499, is discredited by Muñoz, Navarrete, Humboldt, and also by Messrs. Winsor and Gay in the *Critical and Narrative History of America*. In fact very few students of history put faith in Vespucci's description of these two voyages. It is shown, or seems to be shown, that he was at those times, and before those times, engaged in mercantile pursuits with Juan Bevardi.

I myself can find no proof that Vespucci made the two voyages he writes of, and agree with the critics that as we have only his own words for it, it would appear that *he did not make them*. But Vespucci certainly accompanied Alonso de Ojeda in 1499 to Pavia, and Ojeda ex-

pressly says: "I took with me Juan de la Cosa, pilot, and Américo Vespuche and *other pilots*."

Vespucci must, then, in 1499, have been considered to be a seaman and an experienced one, and also must have been considered *to know the coast of America about Pavia*; otherwise he would not have been taken by Ojeda *as pilot*.

The critics seem to have overlooked this point. How are we to explain it?

WM. HARWAY PARKER
206 E. MAIN ST., RICHMOND, VA.

LETTER OF PIKE—Lieutenant Pike, in a letter to General Wilkinson, written July 2, 1806, states that he perceives he has differed materially from Captain Lewis in his account of the numbers, manners, and morals of the Sioux; "but I will not only vouch for the authenticity of my account," he says, "as to numbers, arms, etc., from my own notes, but from having had them revised and corrected by a gentleman of liberal educa-

tion, who has resided eighteen years in that nation, speaks their language, and for some years past has been collecting materials for their natural and philosophical history."

Can any one now living, who may read this, think of clues which would lead to the discovery of the identity of the gentleman Pike refers to? That ascertained, inquiry might be made among his descendants, if any, for manuscript of the nature mentioned. ALFRED J. HILL

ST. PAUL, MINN., Nov. 12, 1890.

WILLOUGHBY QUERIES—1st. Sir Christopher Willoughby had five or more sons—Sir William, first son; second, Christopher; George, whose wife was Anastace; Sir John, who married Cicely, and died 1536; and Sir Thomas, youngest son. Did any of these sons, besides William and Thomas, leave sons?

2d. Sir Thomas Willoughby, chief justice, youngest son of Sir Christopher,

married Bridget Read, of Bore Place, Kent. They had sons, of whom Robert was the eldest. What were the names of his other sons? Did they leave sons?

3d. Robert Willoughby married Dorothy, daughter of Sir Edward Willoughby of Wollaton. Their eldest son was Thomas. What were the names of Robert Willoughby's other sons?

4th. Thomas Willoughby, sheriff of Kent, married Catherine Hart. They had seven sons, of whom were Sir Percival, eldest son, Edward, and Henry, a lawyer. Were there other sons?

In bringing to a close their large work on "Family Histories and Genealogies," Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Salisbury of New Haven, Ct., desire to further inquire for the descendants of Deputy Governor Francis Willoughby of Charlestown, Massachusetts, and to communicate with them.

Will descendants, of whatever names, kindly reply to above address?

REPLIES

THE OLDEST OF THE ARTS [xxiv. 402]—Pottery is the oldest of the arts. Its recorded history begins with the building of the tower of Babel. Every people since the creation of the world has practised the art in one form or another. The Egyptians made soft pottery in forms at least 2000 B.C. But the best period in the history of pottery is believed to have been about 400 B.C.

A. D. BANYER

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

WASHINGTON'S AIDS-DE-CAMP [xxiv. 481]—The list of aids-de-camp to Gen-

eral Washington as published in the number for December, 1890, omits

Col. William Palfrey, July 3, 1775, aid-de-camp to Gen. Charles Lee.

March 6, 1776, aid-de-camp to Gen. George Washington.

April 27, 1776, paymaster-general with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Nov. 4, 1780, consul-general to France. Lost at sea 1780.

CONSTANT READER

MOTHER GOOSE [xxiv. 482]—Thomas Fleet first established the *Boston Weekly Rehearsal* in 1731, and afterward the

Boston Evening Post. The mother-in-law of Thomas Fleet was none other than the original Mother Goose—the Mother Goose of the world's famous melodies. Mother Goose belonged to a wealthy family in Boston, where her eldest daughter, Elizabeth Goose, was married in 1715 to Fleet, and in due time gave birth to a son. Like most mothers-in-law in our own day, the importance of Mrs. Goose increased with the appearance of her grandchild; and poor Mr. Fleet, half distracted with her endless nursery ditties, finding all other means fail, tried what ridicule could effect, and actually printed a book with the title, "*Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies for Children*" Printed by T. Fleet, at his printing house, Puding Lane, Boston. Price ten coppers." Mother Goose was the mother of twenty-one children, and hence we may easily trace the origin of the famous classic:

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children she didn't know
what to do!"

WILLIAM L. STONE
JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS.

MOTHER GOOSE [xxiv. 482]—"Who was the real Mother Goose in history?" is asked in your December number. I find that Thomas Fleet married Elizabeth Goose, daughter of a wealthy Bostonian, 8th June, 1715. His mother-in-law, who lived at his house, spent her whole time in the nursery and in wandering about the house, pouring forth in unmelodious strains an abundance of rhymes for the amusement of Fleet's infant son, greatly to the annoyance of

the whole neighborhood, and of Fleet in particular. He endeavored for a long time to put an end to it, but his good mother-in-law would not be silenced. Finally . . . he wrote down her songs, and published them under the title, "*Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies for Children*." Printed by T. Fleet at his Printing House, Pudding Lane [now Devonshire street], 1719. Price two coppers." The book was popular and remunerative.

Will not some one contribute some interesting particulars in the life of Mother Goose?

J. M. PARKER
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

MOTHER GOOSE [xxiv. 482]—To your correspondent's query about Mother Goose, let me assure him that, as a boy in Boston, I have often had pointed out to me the site of the printing office of Thomas Fleet. He was the son-in-law of Isaac and Elizabeth (Foster) Goose, the latter being the veritable Mother Goose. These melodies, formerly sung to her grandchildren, were first published in 1716, at the printing office above mentioned, which had the sign of the "Heart and Crown." There is excellent authority for the statement that the dame in question was for many years a member of the historic Old South Church. She died at the good old age of ninety-two, in 1757, I think.

E. W. WRIGHT
VICKSBURG, MISS.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR [xxiv. 342]
—For 1673, read 1643.

EDITOR

THE BATTLE OF NATIONS [xxiv. 232, 325, 402, 403]—A sharp critic has called my attention to an error, and I cry "Peccavi." Marmont was not Duke of Dalmatia; he was Duke of Rajusa, a seaport city of Dalmatia. Soult was Duke of Dalmatia.

ANCHOR

TIVOLI, NEW YORK.

AUTHOR OF QUOTATION [xxiv. 402]—Your Rochester correspondent asks for the name of the author of "To err is human; to forgive, divine."

He will find the above in Alexander Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, Part II., line 525.

FERGUSON HAINES

BIDDEFORD, MAINE.

UNIVERSITIES OF THE WORLD [xxiii. 345, 418, 507; xxiv. 152, 233]—Further additions to my former lists.

SOUTH AMERICA—Uruguay. College of Montevideo is part of the *Universidad Mayor* of the republic; 5 to 7 professors. Large number of students. The degree of LL.D. conferred freely on the young men in attendance.

Venezuela—University of Caraccas, founded in 1636 as a college, became a university in 1722. 1874: 19 professors, 165 students. College of Mereda was a university during the last century. 1874: 12 professors, 150 students. The Jesuits left a prosperous college in Maracaybo when they were expelled; 13 national colleges. Law school at Barcelona and Maracaybo, naval college at Maracaybo, medical colleges at Caraccas and Maracaybo, fraternal college in La

Guayra, Independence college and a college for poor students, and school of drawing and painting at Caraccas.

AFRICA—Egypt. Alexandria university was founded by Ismail Pasha, the viceroy, in 1871, and is supported by him. The instruction is on the French plan. There is a "school of Egyptology" connected with it for the study in the rich field of Egyptian archaeology. The number of students is limited to twenty-four and is open to Europeans. A pledge is exacted from them that after graduating they will enter the service of the Egyptian government several years.

University of Cairo, El Azhar [xxiv. 234], is as old as Oxford. Its chief building "Gamah el Ezhar" or splendid mosque, covers two acres of ground, and is supported by 380 choice columns from ancient Egyptian temples and churches. One of the professors spoke in 1882 of 48,000 students, but according to the lowest estimate there are at least 10,000. The official enumeration gave 314 professors. The students spend 5 to 15 years in the school. They are of all ages and come from the most remote provinces. There are few rules, no compulsory course of study, and no roll-call or classification of students. Coffee and tobacco are forbidden within the walls. If the students are rich they make presents to the professors, who are paid entirely by voluntary donations; if poor they are aided. Many of them are housed and fed within its walls. The viceroy on one occasion of family rejoicing sent them a baksheesh of 500 sheep.

MURRAY EDWARD POOLE

SOCIETIES

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY—

The society celebrated its eighty-sixth anniversary on Tuesday evening, November 18, Hon. John A. King in the chair. The exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Duffie, chaplain of Columbia college. The anniversary address was delivered by James C. Welling, LL.D., president of the Columbian university of Washington, D. C. His subject was "Connecticut Federalism; or, Aristocratic Politics in a Social Democracy." A large audience listened to the eloquent discourse, which was ordered to be printed.

The stated meeting for December was held on the evening of the 2d instant. The committee on fine arts reported a memorial minute for record on the death of the late Thomas Hicks. The paper of the evening, on "The First Voyage of Columbus," was read by Mr. Eugene Lawrence to a large and attentive audience. On its conclusion Dr. George H. Moore moved a vote of thanks, with some remarks on the memorials of Columbus and the use of his name in connection with the United States. Dr. De Costa in seconding the resolution called attention to the fact that a flight of parrots, observed from the deck of the *Santa Maria*, induced Columbus to steer southwest; his vessel was pointing at that time for the coast of North Carolina.

THE MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY held its regular quarterly meeting November 20, 1890, which was well attended, the president, Hon. James P. Baxter, in the chair. The following papers were read:

"Report on the Library and Cabinet," by H. W. Bryant. "Communication Concerning Fort Richmond on the Kennebec," by Dr. J. F. Pratt of Chelsea, with prefatory remarks by President Bryant. "A Tribute to the Memory of the Late William H. Smith," by Rev. Wm. B. Hayden. "Some Accounts of Sir John Moore at Castine During the Revolution," by Joseph Williamson, Esq. "A Biographical Sketch of the Late George W. Dyer, a Native of Calais," by Llewellyn Deane, was read by Mr. Williamson. "A Sketch of the Life of Major Samuel Denny," by Parker McCobb Reed, was read by Mr. Sargent. "A Communication from the Maine Genealogical Society Relative to the Destroyed Book of Town Record from 1773 to 1786," was read by George C. Burgess.

Rev. Dr. Burrage called attention to the formation of societies of Sons of the Revolution in other parts of the country and stated that he had received authority from the general society to organize such society in this state of the descendants from any officer or soldier or sailor who served in the Revolution, and called upon any present thus qualified, to meet immediately after adjournment; and there assembled from among those present nine members, who effected a temporary organization by choice of Rev. Dr. Henry S. Burrage as chairman, and William M. Sargent as secretary. Intending members and all qualified to join are requested to address the secretary, and notice will be given of subsequent meetings. George C. Burgess, Esq., then read a paper on the "Falmouth Town Records." He re-

ferred to the lack of valuable town history found in early town records, and also of the laxity with which in many cases they were kept, and the want of care in storing them. This is particularly true of the early vital statistics of his own office. After referring to the loss of the Falmouth town records from May 30th, 1773, to July 4th, 1786, Mr. Burgess said: "The question which confronts us now is, Can any part of this gap be filled from any source? Undoubtedly, if the matter had been taken up at the time of the loss of this volume, since that was fifty years ago, much might have been done; and it seems to me that at this late day, by a persistent effort properly directed, much which constituted the public action of the time, the names of the public officers, and births, marriages, and deaths, with other correlative matter can still be collected and preserved."

THE NEW YORK GENEALOGICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY held its regular monthly meeting on Friday evening, November 14th, the president, Gen. James Grant Wilson, in the chair. After the business part of the meeting, President Wilson introduced Mr. William Nelson, secretary of the New Jersey Historical Society, who delivered an interesting address on Berkeley and Carteret, first lords proprietors of New Jersey. Mr. Nelson gave a sketch of the Isle of Jersey in the British channel, the inhabitants of which, though French, have always remained loyal to the descendants of Duke William of Normandy, who made the conquest of England. He dwelt upon the peculiar customs of the island, and drew somewhat of a parallel between

them and those of the early institutions of New Jersey. He told of the energetic steps taken by Sir George Carteret to protect the island and hold it in the interest of King Charles I., with some accounts of the time spent on it by Charles I. and Charles II. when they were mere lads. He sketched the career of Carteret and of Berkeley. Mr. Nelson made a statement new to his hearers, and which has never been published by *any work on American history*, to the effect that King Charles II. conferred on Sir George Carteret while sojourning on the Isle of Jersey the province of New Jersey, which Carteret attempted to colonize vainly in the same year. All historians concur in giving the date of the grant of New Jersey as 1664, and as originating from the Duke of York; and this statement of Mr. Nelson that it was granted to Carteret alone, fourteen years earlier, is a surprise.

THE TARRYTOWN HISTORICAL SOCIETY held its regular meeting November 18th, the president, Dr. R. B. Coutant, in the chair. The paper of the evening, on "The Importance of Culture in American History," was read by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. The hall was filled to overflowing with members of the society and their friends, and the essay was received with enthusiastic applause by the large and appreciative audience. In seconding a vote of thanks, Mr. Raymond called attention to the fact that just one hundred years ago, on the 18th of November, General Washington, in company with Governor Clinton and Lieutenant-Governor Van Cortlandt, spent the night at the old house alongside the building where the audience were assembled.

BOOK NOTICES

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S VIEWS ON PUBLIC EDUCATION. By JOHN C. HENDERSON. 12mo, pp. 387. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1890.

This excellent work will bear the most careful reading. The selections from Thomas Jefferson's correspondence and addresses have been made with good judgment, and are so arranged that his views are presented clearly on many points where hitherto he has not been altogether understood. One of his cherished ideas was that every state should have a university. He argued that "ignorance and bigotry, like other insanities, are incapable of self-government." He further said: "Well-directed education improves the morals, enlarges the minds, enlightens the councils, instructs the industry, and advances the power, the prosperity, and the happiness of the nation." Mr. Henderson says: "The more one duly reflects upon the benefits which Jefferson pointed out will be reaped by nations who cherish the interests of useful learning, the more he will be astonished at the greatness of their value. When nations, needing on some great occasion the services of men of intelligence and culture, are enabled to call upon citizens who have passed through a high school, a college, or a university, they have an assurance that the men whom they purpose to entrust with momentous duties have at least received a certain amount of mental cultivation. No one can realize the indebtedness of the world to institutions of a high grade of learning who has not traced the history of inventions which without the aid of science could never have been made. Innumerable consequences, direct and indirect, flow from every new truth respecting the properties of matter made known to man. The more one considers the extent to which the discoveries of science are applied to every-day life, the more he will be amazed at the lofty mission in which institutions of a high grade of learning are engaged. Every citizen in the United States enjoys in one way or another blessings which have come to him through the instrumentality of science." Another interesting chapter in the volume is entitled "Our Colored Brethren." We advise every one to read it. The work throughout is suggestive; and we wish, as does the author, that every good American would take the same praiseworthy interest in the education of youth as did Thomas Jefferson.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE KANSAS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY. Embracing the Fifth and Sixth Biennial Reports,

1886-1888. Compiled by F. G. ADAMS, Secretary. Vol. IV. 8vo, pp. 819. Topeka, Kansas, 1890.

This handsome volume contains all the addresses delivered before the Kansas Historical Society at its annual meetings from 1886 to 1890. Nearly four hundred pages are devoted to the official correspondence pertaining to the office of governor of Kansas territory during the latter part of Governor Shannon's administration in 1856, and of Governor Geary's administration from September 9, 1856, to March 10, 1857, including the official executive minutes kept by Governor Geary. These documents relate to a considerable portion of the most stirring period of Kansas territorial history. They have been gathered from congressional documents published about that period—documents that have hitherto been hidden from the general public, and much of what they contain will be found new to students of Kansas history. The book has an alphabetical index of sixty pages, pointing to every subject and almost every name contained in it; also a chronological index to the contents of the public documents. As a book of historical reference, it is one of great value.

THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST. An autobiography. By JULES BRETON. Translated by Mary J. Serrano. 16mo, pp. 350. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1890.

Perhaps the best test of a translation is to ask whether it reads like one. In this regard, as in all other essentials, the present volume sets an excellent example. The task must have been somewhat difficult, for if we may judge from the frankness and simplicity of his nature, Jules Breton, the subject of the autobiography, must have used many peculiar and idiomatic phrases in this charming narrative of his boyish and mature experiences. The opening chapters present an entirely new view of French life. Breton was the son of a well-to-do agent, representing one of the old nobles of France, and the boy's home life is very fresh and entertaining to American readers. One who has read Mr. Howells's "A Boy's Town," will find pleasing contrasts in the widely different, yet strangely similar, traits and passages of boy-life in the two books. The later artistic experiences of the young painter and his eventual professional triumphs are perhaps less novel than the earlier chapters, but all are entertaining and of especial interest to those who are given to the study or practice of the fine arts.

RICHARD HENRY DANA. A Biography.

By CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. 2 vols., 12mo, pp. 378-436. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1890.

This is one of the most charming biographical works of the season, if not of the decade. As a literary production it will rank among the best of the age. It opens with the birth in 1815, and the school-days of young Dana, followed by his voyage to California, entrance into active life, and early experiences at the bar. In 1831 he entered Harvard college, and remained until weakness of the eyes compelled him to give up study for a time. Mr. Adams thinks his hard and healthy fore-castle experiences were of inestimable advantage to him, for he "needed coarsening if he was to deal successfully with practical life." Mr. Adams further says that "his descent was a disadvantage to him," and that "in America it is not well for any young man to grow up under the consciousness of an ancestry, or encumbered by family traditions." Dana was "naturally disposed to dwell on this sort of thing and to magnify its importance; he developed a premature and exaggerated punctiliousness on all points of so-called 'honor,' together with a somewhat overwhelming sense of responsibility to family. The sailor life took the nonsense out of him; he ceased to be too fine for every-day use." Every page of this work is readable and instructive. Dana's connection with the philosophical and scientific movements of his day is clearly presented. When he first commenced the practice of law, he sought through his experiences and the knowledge thus acquired the clientele of sea-faring people. He was present in 1843 at the court-martial to investigate the mutiny on the brig *Somers*. He says in his journal, under date of January 4, 1843: "Went with William and John [Watson] on board the *North Carolina* to see the court-martial. There, in the cabin at the head of a table, sat Commodore Stewart, the president of the court, and at his side, Commodores Dallas and Jones. At one end of the table sat Commander Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, and at the other, Midshipman M. C. Perry [nephew of O. H. P.], who was testifying; and standing at the stove was Ogden Hoffman, judge advocate." Dana began keeping a journal in 1841, and his comments on men and things are exceedingly interesting. He describes the visit of Dickens, and records his opinions. Thackeray was in Boston in 1853, and Dana thus alludes to the visit under date of January 5: "Supped at Lowell's with Thackeray; present, Longfellow, Felton, Clough (an Englishman), James T. Fields, Edmund Quincy. We sat down a little after ten, had an excellent supper, and left a little before two o'clock. Walked home with Longfellow. Thackeray is

not a great talker; he was interested in all that was said, and put in a clever, pleasant word occasionally. Felton, Lowell, and I did nearly all the talking." On another occasion Dana notes that "Curtis [George W.] is quite clever in conversation, but Tom Appleton is the prince of rattlers. He is quick to astonishment, and has humor and thought and shrewd sense behind a brilliant fence of light works." Three years later Dana was in England, and among other notes in his journal is an account of a dinner at Lord Cranworth's, where he met Macaulay. In this country Dana's opportunities of observation were exceptional, and his references to his contemporaries are among the many attractions which the volumes possess. Mr. Adams has written this biography with discriminating judgment and with excellent taste. It is an admirable pen-portrait of a most interesting character.

FROM YELLOWSTONE PARK TO ALASKA.

By FRANCIS C. SESSIONS. Illustrated by C. H. Warren. 12mo, pp. 186. New York, 1890. Welch, Fracker Company.

We are transported at the very opening of this attractive volume to the wild beauties of Yellowstone Park. From the midst of four hundred hot springs and twenty-six geysers we proceed on our travels. Like the Englishman who was rather disappointed with America and its wonders, we shall, as we read, be liable to admit that this region is worth seeing. Our guide takes us into the "unexplored country," in the second chapter, and we reach "Lookout Point," where we are entranced by the view and by the many colors, like the colors of the rainbow, and in the distance projecting rocks, resembling old castles on the Rhine. We proceed on our journey presently, in a new road cut through the pine forests for fourteen miles, just wide enough for one little wagon to pass, and when we meet one we are obliged to alight and cut down trees to let it turn out for us. Mr. Sessions says: "The mountains are not equal to those of Switzerland, but where in the wide world can any one see such geysers, hot springs, cañons, falls, lakes, mountains, and picturesque scenery?" We are conducted to Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland, and finally take steamer across Puget Sound to Port Townsend, and a steamer from there to Alaska.

The author is a critical observer, and his bright pages are flooded with agreeable information about the vast domain which will doubtless prove, when developed, as valuable a country as Norway, and far superior to Russia. He says: "It is impossible to describe Alaska and its wonderful scenery. Words fail to express what one sees as one sails among the ten thousand islands, numerous glaciers, and great mountains, with beautiful bays, inlets, rivers, lakes,

sounds, and the verdure of trees as they bend down to the water's edge, reflecting their beauty in the clear water." But he has nevertheless produced a remarkably clear, realistic, and instructive picture of all this, and much more, and we cordially commend the delightful book to our readers.

THE TSAR AND HIS PEOPLE; OR, SOCIAL LIFE IN RUSSIA. Illustrated. Square 8vo, pp. 435. New York, 1890. Harper & Brothers.

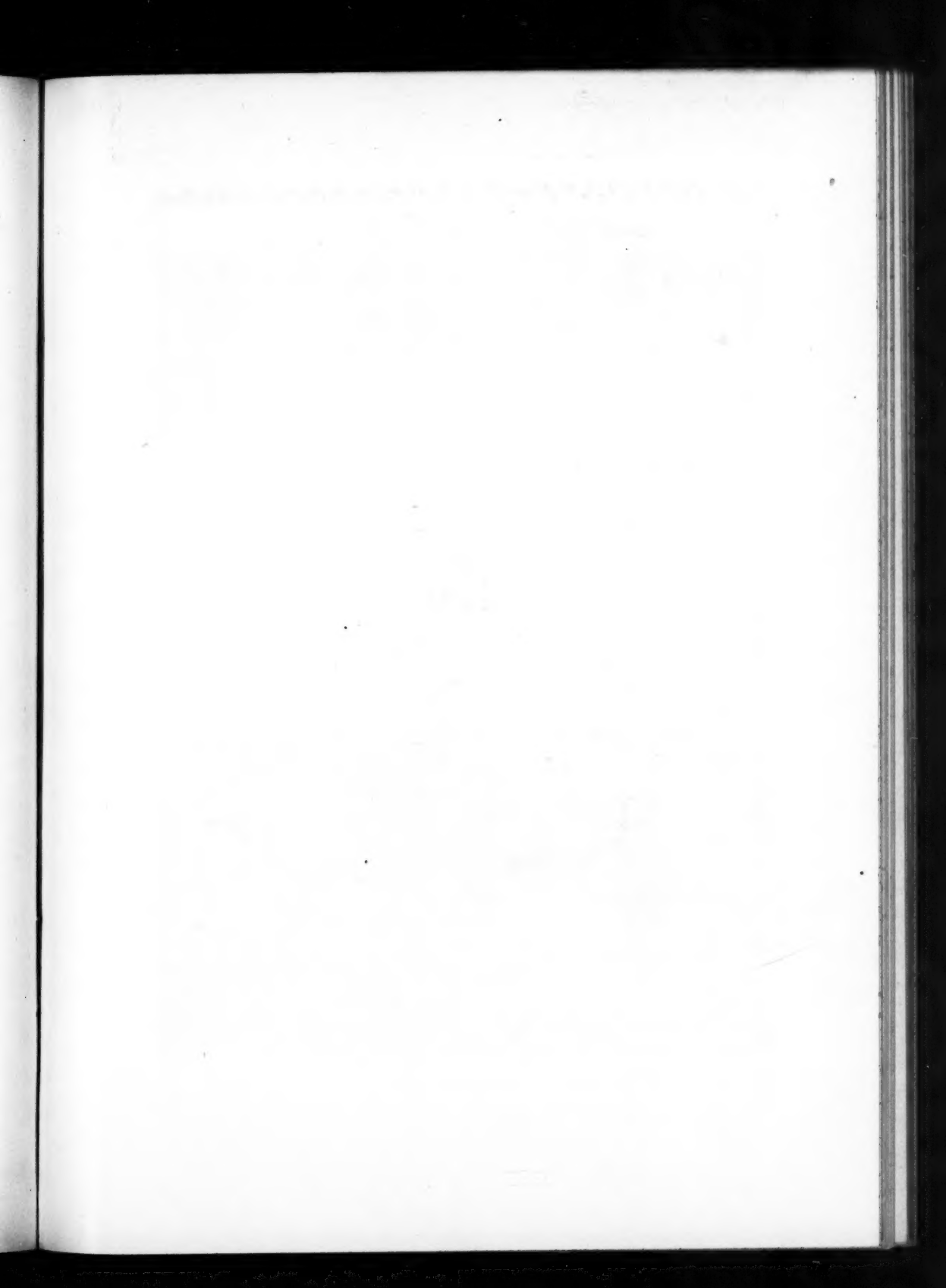
This sumptuous volume with its many and fine illustrations is an admirable gift-book for the holidays. It abounds with instructive views of a great empire, which is now concentrating upon itself the attention of the whole civilized world. The first part of it is by the Vicomte Eugène Melchoir de Vogue, who writes with great power and animation of Russia's political and social conditions, and with full knowledge apparently of his subject. He tells us that "the central figure, from which everything starts, and to which everything converges, is the Tsar." He describes the court, the nobility, and the people. His sketches of society at St. Petersburg, of the manners and customs of the commercial class, and of the amusements of all parties, is extremely entertaining. Mr. Theodore Child, a traveler of wide experience and critical observation, writes the second part of the volume. Clarence Cook contributes valuable material on Russian art, and Vassili Verestchagin, himself a Russian, furnishes a graphic sketch of village life.

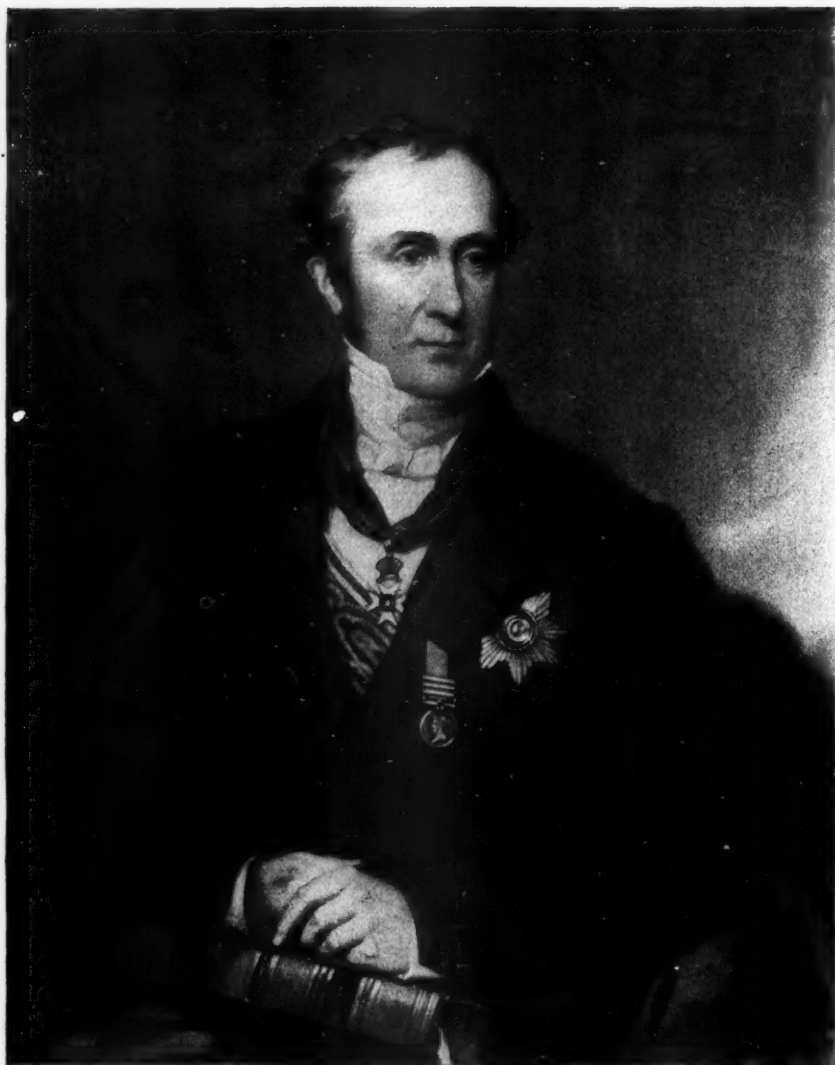
Untraveled readers will be charmed with the chapter on "Palatial Petersburg," which comprehends information extremely desirable to possess. "Whence once admitted to the Russian bird-cage," writes Mr. Childs, "one may live on Russian territory for six months, with no other obligation than that of reporting himself to the police and having his passport stamped at every fresh halting place. As for communication with the outer world, he must be content to trust to the good pleasure of the censorship, whose employes will read his letters, confiscate his newspapers, or deliver them after many days, mutilated by vengeful scissors, or at least maculated by big patches of obliterating ink. There is nothing to be said or done by the ordinary mortal. We have become prisoners voluntarily on Russian territory." We are further told that with the exception of Rome and in Constantinople, no capital possesses so many imperial palaces as St. Petersburg; but its palaces and its churches do not suffice to give

an idea of the immensity of the town. The pictures freely introduced supplement the description. The architectural beauties of St. Petersburg are displayed with lavish liberality; but Mr. Childs does not admire Russian taste, and notices crude work and sham and make-believe in the palaces and public buildings. In the villages of Russia the houses are crowded together, usually touching one another. Thus the danger from fires is very great. But Russia is not to be judged wholly or even chiefly by her towns. St. Petersburg is not Russia, but the vices of Paris bound in Russian leather. Moscow is not Russia, but an ancient Russian fortress turned into a modern factory. Odessa, Nijni-Novgorod, and Astrakhan represent commercial Russia; Kiev and Dorpat, collegiate Russia; Tula and Perm, manufacturing Russia; Cronstadt and Sebastopol, military Russia. And yet Russia proper—the actual and genuine substance of that mighty shadow which is now projecting itself as far as the Bosphorus on one side, and the Himalaya on the other—must be found elsewhere. We have it in the descriptions of the Russian people through the length and breadth of that vast country. The book will be read from one end of the world to the other.

THE GERMAN SOLDIER IN THE WARS OF THE UNITED STATES. By J. G. ROSENGARTEN. Second edition, revised and enlarged. 12mo, pp. 298. Philadelphia, 1890. J. B. Lippincott Company.

We had the pleasure of reading and noticing the first edition of this excellent work in July, 1886. Mr. Rosengarten takes up the story of German-American soldiers from early times in the colonies, follows them through the old French war, through the Indian troubles, through the Revolution, not omitting the services of the Hessians, and brings them through the war of 1812, the Mexican war, and the late civil war to our own time, concluding with a long list of officers whose record covers all the campaigns in which the armies of the United States have been engaged. In the present edition of the book much additional matter appears. The Germans have from their first coming and settling in this country always stood ready to take part in its defence. No other class of our adopted citizens have a more honorable record. The theme is of great interest to all intelligent readers, and appeals to the patriotism of our best naturalized Americans. The book has been well and carefully written, and the demand for this second edition is fresh evidence of its intrinsic worth.





SIR RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

Vol. XXV

FEBRUARY, 1891

No. 2

SIR RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON, 1792-1871

GEOLOGIST AND GEOGRAPHER

THERE was hardly a foreign scientific society of any note during the life of the distinguished subject of our frontispiece which had not his name enrolled among its honorary members. Sir Roderick Impey Murchison's home during his later years was one of the great centres where science, art, literature, politics, and social eminence were brought together in friendly intercourse. Perhaps no man of the present century has done more to promote the progress of geographical science and kindle the spirit of adventure among those engaged in Arctic exploration on the one hand and of African discovery on the other. He traveled in various parts of the globe, and, struck with the resemblance in geological structure between the Ural mountains and the Australian chain, he was the first to predict the discovery of gold in Australia.

He had reached the age of thirty-two before he took any active interest in science, but from that time to the end of his interesting history his industry and enthusiasm were unvarying. It was in the year 1831 that he found the field in which the chief work of his life was to be accomplished. It was in the borders of Wales, where his researches resulted in bringing into notice a remarkable series of formations, each replete with distinctive organic remains older than and very different from those of the other rocks of England. These discoveries were found to belong to a geological period of which there are recognizable traces in almost every part of the globe. He added a new chapter to geological history, one that contains the story of almost the earliest appearance of living things upon this planet. The old British tribe of Silures gave the name to the *Silurian System* which he established, and which passed into the familiar vocabulary of geologists in every country. He projected an important geological campaign in Russia with the view of extending to that country the classification he had succeeded in elaborating for the older rocks of western Europe. He was accompanied by De Verneuil and Keyserling, in conjunction with whom he produced an excellent work on *Russia and the Ural Mountains*, published in 1845.